A SPLENDID NEW SERIAL NEXT WEDNESDAY. SUBSCRIBE NOW!

THE CHICAGO LEDGER

ROMANCE, DEPARTMENTS AND EVENTS

A MODERN HOME WEEKLY OF

VOLUME XXI. NUMBER 43. CHICAGO, ILL., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1893. SINGLE COPIES 5 CENTS.

After Danth in Arabia.

BY ONE WHOM ARRIVED.

He who died at Azzo sends
This comfort to all his friends:

Faithful friends! It lies, I know,
Pale nor white and cold as snow;
And you say—"Alighieri died"
Rather say he fell asleep,
While his soul, with prayer and praise,
To its place full rest did raise.

Then I smile and whisper this:
I am not the thing you kiss;
Cease your tears, and let it lie;
It was mine—it is not I.

Sweet friends! What the women love
For the last bed of the grave
Is a test which I am quitting,
Like a forfeit dropped in play.
Why should flesh, which, as it lies,
Likes a hawk, my soul has pass'd,
Love its tenantry, not the tenant.
The weaver, not the garb, the planer
Of the house, not the lord.
Which kept him from these splendid stars.

Loving friends! Be wise and dry
Straightway every weeping eye.
What ye lay here in the clay
Is as worth a wailing one,
As, to spirit-wealth, one
Can of which the pearl was gone.
The shell is broken—it lies there;
The pearl, the all, she soul, is here.
'Tis an earthen jar, whose lid
Allows the treasure to be hid;
That treasure of my literature—
A mind that lived late, yet is first
Let the shard be sacred for sake
Since the gold shines in his store!

Also physical pain ye!
Now the mind is understood;
Now the long, long wonder ends,
Yet ye weep, my erring friends,
While in joy I, loosed and free,
In conscious train, instead,
Lilies and leaves you, lost, the true,
By each light as silent as you,
Join in light you can not see,
Of unfinished flowers
In changing gardens,
Know is this that nothe dies.

Farewell, friends! Yet not farewell,
Where I am ye soon shall dwell.
I am gone before your sight
A moment's time, a little space,
When you come where I have stepped,
You will wonder why ye wept;
Ye will know, by your own spirit,
Your face is all, and there is naught.
Then, to meet, shall be your task;
Friendship will know your will,
Love will be death—for death,
Now I know, is friendship's name;
Which my words draw down when we utter
Life, which is of all life center.

Do ye curtain, all saints bow
From your thrones, while I endow
Mortals with a balance new,
Entirely unsent to your laws,
Lo, also its scale pose
Thou one diviner Thou are always!

He that died at Azzo sent
This to those who made his grave.

"This Is My Brother James, Sir Francis!"

HIS STOLEN BIRTHRIGHT.

A Romance of the Land and Sea.

BY AUSTYN GRANVILLE.

Author of "The Shadow of Shame," "The Legend of Knara," "The Roswell Mystery," "The Fallen Race," "A Daughter of Toil," "In Starving Russia," Etc.

(Copyrighted 1893.)

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Miss Ethel Bolton, an accomplished young Englishwoman, is left an orphan. Her father, a wealthy banker, has died suddenly, and his estate is found to have been heavily involved. Ethel is left penniless, and her home with her father who is in Chicago, she takes up her residence with her aunt, Mrs. Bolton, a wealthy widow living across the Atlantic in the fashionable Gramercy Park section of New York. Ethel's aunt has a nephew, Mr. Bolton, who is a wild, reckless fellow, who is continually getting into trouble, and who is constantly causing his aunt much anxiety. Ethel and Mr. Bolton are thrown together frequently, and Ethel is shocked by a discovery that Mr. Bolton is a member of a gang of counterfeiters. The gang is headed by a man named Bentley, who is a fugitive from justice in England. Ethel is also shocked to learn that Mr. Bolton is engaged to be married to Miss Ethel Bolton, a cousin of Ethel's, who is a resident of Chicago. Ethel's cousin is a beautiful girl, but with her it is a case of love at first sight. Miss Bolton and Mr. Bolton are married, and Ethel is left to live with Mrs. Bolton

"It's ten cents for waitin'" said the boy "and will you please write on the slip as you kep' me."

"All right, I'll pay the ten cents, by all means. Just sit down," said Miss Cardwell, smiling faintly.

She finished the letter, folded it and put it in an envelope and addressed to:

JAMES DALTON, Esq.,
Hoffman House.

And added in a corner:

"Bearer waits for an answer."

She gave the boy a quarter, and sent him on his way rejoicing.

"If he is at the Hoffman house, I shall see him almost directly," she murmured. "Only to think of it! I wonder why he never answered my last letter! But poor fellow, with all this good fortune he has come into, no doubt he has been dreadfully busy."

She took out her small watch, and looked at the time.

"Ten minutes for the boy to get there"—she little knew the modern Mercury and his powers of flight—"one minute for Jim to put on his hat and coat, and ten minutes—no, Jim won't take five—I'll give him five—for him to get here. Let me see; that makes sixteen minutes. In sixteen minutes he'll be here, and then——"

"Oh, dear, I wonder how I'm looking."

And as she stood before the glass, the faintest color creeping into her cheeks, as she thought that in a few minutes she should be in the arms of the man who worshiped her, her beautiful brown eyes now bright with expectation, now soft with the languor of love, her whole lithe, lissome body tingled with suppressed excitement.

Meanwhile the little messenger boy, having lingered here for a game of marbles, and there to exchange the news of the hour with a friend in the employ of a rival company, at last delivered her letter to its destination.

The little gold watch was consulted many times, at first in a half and then in a wholly disappointed manner, until the sun passing westward to the home she had left in the city by the great lake, tinged the trees in the square with a mellow, mystic light, and cast his departing rays into a room where a woman lay and wept and murmured.

"He will not come to me. He does not love me."

[TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

His Defence.

He did not look like a criminal, says Kate Field's Washington, although he had a short, thick, pugnacious neck and a bullet-shaped head from which the thick, sandy hair had been cropped to the most pronounced "fighting cut." In spite of the ignominious position he occupied, there was a wholesome, genial look in his ruddy face which elsewhere would have warmed your heart toward him and made you feel like inviting him to dine with you or at least at your expense. Nevertheless, the prosecuting attorney concluded his plea somewhat on this wise:

"But, your honor, a worse feature still of this atrocious assault was its cowardice. Look at the prisoner at the bar; observe his herculean shoulders, his massive chest, his mighty arms, his countenance, red, not only with the blood of abounding physical vigor, but with the fire of ferocious passion. Then look at his victim, a mere lad, whose undeveloped frame and delicate features who would suppose might have appealed to the chivalrous pity even of the ruffian who so brutally attacked him. Compare the antagonists, I say, in this affair which has been so absurdly called a fight. *Fight* —heaven save the mark! Imagine the preliminaries of such an encounter; look at the combatants; let them be weighed; then make your stake on the result.

"Your honor," said the attorney, concentrating his whole power of sarcasm in his concluding sentence, "we respectfully wait to learn what reward will be bestowed upon this brave champion, this magnanimous knight, who has won this most glorious victory!"

His bitter eloquence was greeted with a burst of applause, which the Judge made no attempt to check. The prisoner's broad face lost a little of its ruddy hue and the corners of his mouth twitched a little, but he met unflinchingly the contemptuous eyes that were fixed upon him from all parts of the court room. When, at last, he was asked if he had anything to say for himself, he arose slowly and, leaning awkwardly upon the railing that enclosed him, he delivered himself as follows:

"I dono's I hev anything to say 't'll help my case, on'y I want it understood 't I never called my *lickin'* that boy a 'fight.' Some o' my friends hev called it so, 'cause he done all he could, bitin' 'n' kickin' 'n' scratchin', to make me let go my holt. But I never pertended it wuz anything more n'r less'n a plain, simple thrashin'. Whatever faults I may hev, I don't never fight, either with women n'r childern. I on'y give that young feller the dressin' down I thought he deserved; an' you may fine me or jail me's much's you please. I sh'd do it ag'in if I ketched him abusin' a poor dumb critter that couldn't help itself, as he wuz a doin' then. The's bo'n a lot o' talk 'bout my bein' big 'n' strong, an' his bein' little 'n' pundlin'. Jes' look at me, says they, an' then look at him. Wal, I says the same thing. Jes' look at him, an' then look at the poor little critter he wuz a kickin' to death, fer doin' no harm in the world. Look at his body 'n' his arms 'n' his legs, 'specially his big heavy boots an' then look at the unfort'n't little wretch he was abusin'! P'r'aps you might call that a fight, too. It wuz jist as much a fight 's the other wuz; on'y the boy stood a blame' sight better chance with me than the dog did with him! Hedn't ye better toot yer horns 'n' beat yer drums for him, es wal es fer me? He wuz jist es much a 'conquerin' hero 's I wuz—at least he wuz unt'l I took a hand in the 'fight,'—then he wuzn't in the conquerin' business so much.

"Some folks say the' ain't no comparin' human bein's with dumb beas'. I s'pose that's so, on'y when ye come to talk 'bout its bein' *cowardly* to abuse what's smaller'n weaker'n you be, it 'pears to me't the smaller'n weaker the one ye'r 'busin' is, the bigger coward you be. All is, when I see that young feller a killin' that helpless animil in sech an onhuman way for nothin' it deserved killin' for, I stood it 's long's I could, 'for,' says I to myself, 'it ain't none o' my business, anyway.' But when, the poor sufferin' critter turned his eyes toward me, so despairin' like, almos' 's ef he wuz human, an' jest es ef he wanted to say, 'You great, big, strong lubber, be you a-goin' to let me be butchered in this way, without liftin' a finger to help me?' su'thin' come up in my throat' an' I jist went for the boy! An' I give it to him *good*, I'll admit it. I couldn't help it—not 'f I went to jail for it!"

The sentence of the court was a fine of one dollar and costs.

Somerville Journalizings.

When you hear a man and his wife quarreling, come away softly, and don't say a word. There are scenes in this world too sacred to be intruded upon by anyone.

No girl likes to see a cloudy sky on the morning of her wedding day, and yet it doesn't make any lasting difference in most cases, probably.

A bridal pair away on a honeymoon trip never want anybody to peach on them.

A good fellow is seldom a first-class financier.

Where have all those girls' suspenders gone to now?

Many a prudent housewife spends more time and patience in putting away the silver every night, so that the burglars wouldn't find it if they should happen to break in, than the whole collection of spoons, forks, et cetera, is worth in cash.

This is the season of the year when farseeing young women persuade young men to accompany them on woodland strolls, on the shallow pretence that all they are after is autumn leaves.

It is hard to sell poetry, but the papers and magazines all prove that it must be very easy to sell verse.

The Biggest Snake Story.

About the biggest snake story of the season comes from Indiana, and has no air of probability in it that is vouched for by women. Two farmers' wives were returning home from town late in the evening in a buggy, when they heard an unusual noise from the woods along the road. A moment later a horrible creature descended a tree, coon-fashion, and running after the buggy attempted to climb up behind. There was a race for life that continued a mile, when two men with dogs were met and the pursuing monster fled into the woods. The animal was about seven feet long. Its head ended in a beak like an eagle's; its body was round, like that of alligator, covered with scales and ornamented with a pair of wings. These ladies had been fishing, and carried no bait, which makes it difficult to account for this wonderful monster.

A WISE PARROT —OR— SNATCHED FROM MATRIMONY

"The apartment suits me well enough," I said to the janitor; "you tell me it is quite dry, eh? There is nothing I dislike more than the odor of undried plaster."

"It is perfectly dry, sir. The workmen finished it a year and more ago. There are two other parties looking at it, but if you say so, sir, I'll take the sign down."

"Well, yes, take it down," and I handed the man a few louis, which he pocketed with superb disdain.

I was soon comfortably settled there. By the end of April, the decorator, upholsterer, and the rest had got through with it. But, in the meantime, I discovered that the house was a regular sounding-board, its acoustic properties were so remarkable. Just below me lived a young couple whose home was blessed with the presence of two very young children. The elder was cutting his teeth, and cried from night till morning. The younger, which was hardly more than born, whimpered from morning to night.

"Have patience, old man," I would say to myself; "remember that the rate of infant mortality is very high in Paris."

On the floor above lived a lady who held classes: history in the morning, geography in the afternoon. I can tell you all about the early kings of France and the principal cities of Sumatra.

One morning, at the particular moment when the elder of the two pledges of affection downstairs had ceased crying and the younger had not yet begun, I was awakened by a terrible hubbub; but, this time, the sound came from the same floor, almost at my ear. I inferred that some new neighbors were moving in; and, in fact, a week later, the family were installed.

Without voluntarily being indiscreet, I soon made out that the family was composed of three persons: the father, who was deaf, and was occupied during the day as cashier of a great banking-house; the mother, who was deplorably commonplace; and a daughter, a regular chatter-box. Their maid-of-all-work was called Irma at first, but they changed so often that the list must be as long as the calendar of saints by now. I never learned the real names of these ladies. The parents always addressed their daughter as Babybel. Evariste was the husband's name, and in the intimacy of home life, he called his wife "Birdie."

The intimacy of their home life had no secrets for me, for it was the conjugal sanctuary that adjoined my own bedroom.

"I Can Show You a Portrait of Him."

In less than a month, I knew intimately the most minute details of their life. It was what is generally termed a united family, and Birdie, if I may believe certain details, had not yet renounced altogether the desire to attract her husband's attention.

At half past seven, Irma—or some other—brought my neighbors their morning coffee. Regularly it was the wife who woke her husband. Then they discussed their affairs, which were not brilliant I must confess. I regret to add that it was Babybel who was, to a great extent, the cause of their sorrows. The girl could do anything she wished with her parents. Coquettish and vain, it was she who had driven her father into taking an apartment that was really beyond their means. She wished her mother to have a reception day—Friday—and to have peace in the family they had to hire for the day a man in a black coat and white tie. To live up to him, they had to have, of course, tea, cakes, flowers and smart gowns. A dressmaker came to the house once a week, and the ladies made their needles fly during her stay.

Babybel, it seems, had the fingers of a fairy, and could put a bonnet together like a forewoman at Virot's. But she must have her corsets from Madam This and her slippers from Monsieur That.

"My feet and my waist are my best points," she would say, "and I ought to be allowed to make the most of them."

You should have heard that jade hold her own against her parents! She made them "stand 'round" as the unhappy Evariste often said during the matutinal confidences. And so they had only one desire—to get Babybel married as soon as possible. But this was easier said than done. Twice she had just missed a chance. The first time the fault lay with her dowry, or rather, lack of it. The second failure she owed, it seems, to her "imprudence."

It was always Evariste who would bring up this tender subject; but Birdie would always stop him with the incontrovertible statement that "what's done is done."

I could never learn anything more about it. But when a father admits that his daughter has been "imprudent," it is not difficult to make a guess at what he means.

It is time for me to tell you that I was a bachelor, and am so still, thank heaven! That is, thank heaven and my parrot. This bird, together with an ancient dame, composed my entire household, and he soon assimilated and reproduced the phrases which most often fell upon his ear. At the end of the month he would repeat the following dialogue at least two hundred time in a day:

"Birdie, let me in, please."

"Is that you, Evariste?"

These two interrogatories would pierce the intervening walls every afternoon on Evariste's return from his desk at the bank. Evidently Birdie took a nap at that hour, and bolted the door to keep Babybel out of her room. It was very funny—the first four or five times—to hear the bird cry out in Evariste's nasal baritone "Birdie, let me in, please," and the reply "Is that you, Evariste?" in the woman's falsetto.

You will please to note that I had nothing to do with the bird's education in this matter. It had learned the phrases of its own volition; but you could never persuade my neighbors that it was not the result of malice prepense on my part. They grew more and more irritated every day. At last Babybel could stand it no longer.

"The man in there is a malicious nuisance," she complained to her father, "and you ought to complain of him to the landlord."

"I did," responded Evariste; "but the abominable bird is in the next house. Our landlord has nothing to do with it."

"Well, why in the world," objected Babybel, "are the walls so thin?"

I had asked the same question myself more than once. Two women yelling at the top of their voices to make a deaf cashier hear them are far worse than a parrot.

At last June came. The young family with the two children and the lady who held classes both went to the country, and the house became a veritable paradise, marred only by my neighbors of the next house.

The latter, however, made up for the defection, for, except throwing the furniture at each other's heads, these people did everything that could be done in an apartment over which the genius of discord presides. Babybel had made up her mind to "go somewhere," a reasonable enough desire, but it was utterly impossible on account of lack of funds, if Evariste was to be believed.

"I haven't got any money," he would say; "not a sou. Business is not going well at the bank, they threaten to cut down my salary ten per cent, and we have our debts to pay."

But, after a three days' siege, the unhappy man had to make a concession. He would let them go to Treport. At mention of that name Babybel laughed in his face.

"Treport! Who ever went to Treport? She was twenty-five years old now, and if her parents did not make any effort to find a husband for her, she would have to do so herself."

"You had better find a dowery first," her father growled, driven to desperation.

"She has sixty thousand francs," ventured Birdie.

Evariste laughed in a way that was not pleasant to hear.

"Sixty thousand francs," he sneered; "you know well enough that that money is my guaranty at the bank. If I draw it out, I lose my place; and, besides, heaven only knows how they would get it if I did try to draw it. Business is getting worse and worse there."

I do not think it best to repeat here Babybel's rejoinder. That girl was absolutely heartless.

Happily the time for my own departure for the country had come; and, leaving Jacquote to the care of my ancient servitor, I set out, rejoiced that for four or five months, at least, I should not be compelled to hear the bickerings of the neighbors.

I traveled about in Switzerland, spent three weeks in the Engadine, and presently reached Lucerne. In that city, or, rather, on the beautiful lake from which it takes its name, love lay waiting for me. It was on one of the little steamers that I saw her for the first time. She was traveling alone with her mother, a distinguished looking old lady with a tinge of melancholy in her manner that led me to think at first that she was a widow. But three days later—I had been careful to put up at the same hotel—I contrived to make the ladies' acquaintance, and I soon knew their name and history.

Madam de Monsentier was not a widow. Her husband, detained in Paris by important business, had not been able to accompany her in a month's excursion undertaken for the benefit of her daughter's health. As to the latter, I liked her very much—too much, in fact. She was a nice-looking girl; a brunette, with great dark eyes that were at once proud, innocent, and tender. I would have preferred that she be less timid, for I possess that defect myself. Timid or not, her mother watched over her as one would watch over a great treasure, or, rather, as one watches over an adored child, for they adored one another.

Moreover, Isabel had a most sensitive nature. A mere nothing brought tears to her eyes, and I saw her once burst into sobs at her mother's mere mention of an umbrella forgotten on the summit of the Rigi Kulm, which we had climbed together. It was this umbrella that broke the ice for us, if I may so express myself. The next day, I set out at dawn for Kulm. At five in the afternoon, thanks to my haste and the railway, Mademoiselle de Monsentier had her umbrella again.

"How kind you are," she murmured, as she gave me her hand in thanks.

I pressed a kiss upon that little hand, and I am afraid that, just at first, both mother and daughter thought my action a trifle bold. But they felt that they were dealing with a man of delicacy. Perhaps, even, my budding love was suspected already. They say that women know these things by instinct.

We passed a fortnight at Lucerne, seldom being separated from morning till night. I flattered myself that I knew Isabel better than if I had paid court to her for two months in Paris.

She was an only child, and it was easily to be seen that the Monsentiers were possessed of fortune and lived in a certain degree of style. The ladies unconsciously let fall during their conversation the names of their *modistes*, their milliners, of the people who frequented their house, and all this naturally taught me much. They did not keep a carriage, as the mother told me with charming simplicity. "In Paris," she said, "one has to be satisfied with hired carriages, when one has only sixty thousand francs a year."

To a future son-in-law such a phrase is more precious than rubies, and while I did not consider myself quite a future son-in-law, I was at least a possible son-in-law.

There must be an end to all things, however. Every morning Monsieur de Monsentier wrote pages and pages asking his wife and daughter to return; he could neither eat nor sleep. Ah, what a beautiful thing a really united family is! I had obtained from the ladies the pleasure of traveling with them as far as Dijon. There I took leave of them, for I was engaged for the shooting in Burgundy. They were kind enough to ask me to call on them in Paris. Happily we lived in the same quarter of the city.

I did not get back to Paris until October. I arrived there on a Friday, at ten in the morning, and as that happened to be Madam de Monsentier's reception day, as she had told me, I went in the afternoon to the address she had given me. It was just such an apartment as I had imagined— simple, but with a certain quiet distinction about it. The man-servant, in his black garb, looked extremely correct; in fact, there was not a discordant note in the quiet elegance of the whole.

The ladies received me with open arms. I give you my word I thought Isabel even more beautiful than she had been at Lucerne, and I saw at once that she did not find such change as there was in my appearance to my disadvantage. We chatted almost as if we were old friends, for I happened to be the only visitor.

"I deeply regret, Madam," I said, as I rose to go, "that I have not had the pleasure of meeting Monsieur de Monsentier."

"He is always at his bank at this hour," she replied; "but he will soon call upon you to make your acquaintance and invite you to dine with us. Meantime, I can only show you a portrait of him done in crayon by his daughter."

"Oh, mamma," pouted Isabel, "its so bad—"

"You need have no fear, my dear; our friend knows you do not pose as an artist." So saying, she opened the door and led me into the adjoining room, which was evidently the conjugal chamber. On the wall hung the portrait of Monsieur de Monsentier, but I can not tell you whether it was good or bad, for at that moment I heard from the other side of the wall a strident voice saying:

"*Birdie, let me in, please.... Is that you, Evariste?*"

I was in the house of my neighbors. I had almost been caught by that vixenish Babybel.

Happily I had the presence of mind not to betray myself, and pretended to have heard nothing.

It is unnecessary to say that I never again set foot in the Monsentiers' apartment. But, for reasons upon which I need not enlarge, this quasi-cohabitation had become insupportable. I moved as soon as my lease was up, and if in all Paris there is a parrot that is cared for with the most grateful solicitude, it is that of your obedient servant.

The Winds of Memory.

Upon the western shore, tonight, I'm sitting,
The shore that slopes to touch a boundless sea,
And watch the white ships, inward, outward flitting,
And wonder when my ship will come for me,
And where it lies, and whither it is going—
I only hear the winds of memory blowing.

Across the cliffs of yesterday they're coming,
They fan my forehead with the forest air,
Remembered melodies the hills are humming;
A scent of pine trees hovers everywhere.
I hear again the bank side brooklet flowing,
While all the winds of memory are blowing.

Blow on sweet winds! your singing, or your sighing
Brings back tonight, a half-forgotten tune;
Beneath the apple blossoms, once more I'm lying,
I feel the breath of girlhood's happy June.
Life's early dawn, again I see it glowing,
While all the winds of memory are blowing.

A summer song, now faint, now fuller growing,
A far off lullaby from mother lips.
Love, living love, receiving and bestowing;
I listen, listen! Oh, ye white-winged ships,
I do not heed your coming or your going,
While all the winds of memory are blowing.

Upon the western shore tonight I'm straying,
The shore that slopes to touch a boundless sea,
And watch the billows upward, downward swaying,
But do not care how near the tide may be,
Or, if the waters touch my feet, not knowing,
While I can hear the wind of memory blowing.

THE LUCKY THIRTY.

I am not a gambler myself, began the Major, "but I have seen a good deal of gambling in most of the famous places of Continental Europe, and especially at Monte Carlo. I will tell you an episode which I think none of you can match."

The Major was an impressive man, with a rich, full-throated voice, and a manner that always commanded attention. He was seated at a table. Around him were grouped a circle of men-about-town. They had been detailing various experiences at roulette and poker. The Major, a non-gambler, had been playing the part of wall-flower as the conversational whirl went on around him. Evidently it was a position he did not relish. Now he was going to assert his claims to the floor. Everybody was interested.

"It was some years ago at Monte Carlo. I was there in the capacity of tourist and observer, a sort of Abou Ben Adhem, who loved his fellow-man, and, likewise, fellow-woman, and enjoyed looking on at the panorama of their daily life.

"At first of course, the crowd was merely a vast blur. By and by, as it resolved itself into separate individualities, I began to take an interest in the fluctuating fortunes of this or that person, to watch his winnings or his losings day by day, to see how he was affected by loss or gain, and to speculate upon what sort of a soul was hidden behind the flushed and excited face. One day—it was the thirtieth of the month, I remember—my attention was especially drawn to a remarkable pretty girl, who sat at one of the tables, busily engaged in playing the number thirty. She was a new arrival, and probably had never been in the place before, for she looked around her with the bewildered air of a novice. Her face and manner indicated high breeding. Evidently she felt herself quite out of place in the rough and impatient crowd which jostled around her. She had sat down hopefully enough, however. But as the ball spun round and round, and no number thirty came up, and her louis d'ors grew lower and lower, and had to be replaced by fresh relays, the confident air lapsed into one of anxious expectation, then of parched-lipped fear, and, finally, of sheer despair.

"Evidently she had reached her last roll of bank bills, and still the ball whirled and whirled, and no number thirty appeared.

"Her last louis d'or was before her. There was a desperate look in her eyes. When the ball was started again, her trembling fingers gathered up the gold piece and nervously hurried it to the number thirty square. She leaned back in her chair, ghastly white.

"Thirty-one!" shouted the croupier, at last.

"Instantly there was a sensation in the crowd. The lady had fainted. I rushed forward, took her up in my arms and placed her in an easy chair near the window. A croupier came rushing up with a cup of water. I dashed it into her face.

"In a few seconds she revived. It was evidently a return to awful wretchedness. Her lips twitched, then she burst into a fit of hysterical weeping. I leaned over, and, whispering, asked if I could do anything for her.

"She shook her head.

"May I lend you some money?"

"She turned a haughty look upon me. Evidently she saw something in my face to reassure her (here the Major drew himself up). The haughty look vanished. In its place came one of grateful, of pleading trust.

"'Lend me one hundred francs,' she said. 'I will return it in a week.'

"I handed her out a clean, crisp Bank of England note for five pounds.

"'Don't play any more,' I said, holding her hand to detain her.

"But before the words were out she had wrenched her hand from my grasp and darted to the table. I followed in close pursuit. She was conscious that I was behind her. There was no time for changing the bill. With a sudden movement she laid it flat on number thirty. As I rushed up the ball fell into the pocket.

"Thirty wins!" cried the croupier.

"The cashier counted out the winning sum and placed it on top the winning five pound note. The lady did not stir. She drew herself up into an air of stony calm. But I saw that her small, delicate fingers were trembling.

"Gather up your winnings, Mademoiselle, for heaven's sake!" I whispered. And instinctively I stretched out my hand to claim them.

"Like a tiger she turned upon me. Her hand darted out and seized mine in an iron grip. She seemed to be endowed with a tiger's strength.

"'Leave them all where they are,' she hissed. 'I know what I am about.'

"And once more the whirring ball slackened, wobbled a moment—a terrible moment that seemed an age—between twenty-seven and thirty, and finally dropped into the latter.

"'Thirty wins!' sang the monotonous voice of the croupier.

"Still the lady did not move. Warned by my first experience, I only looked at her pleadingly.

"'No,' she said, in answer to my look, 'three times. That was my dream.'

"The words were hardly audible as they issued through her set teeth.

"A third time the croupier shouted out, 'Thirty wins!'

"A glittering mass of gold and silver and a formidable roll of bank bills were piled upon the original winnings.

"The girl gathered them all up and thrust them into her cabs. Her eyes were glistening with tears, but she gave no other sign or emotion.

"'Now, at least you will go,' I pleaded.

"'No. I am going to another table.'

"She spoke as if she were in a dream. I made way for her. She took her seat at another table. She laid one hundred francs on the number thirty.

"Well, to make a long story short, number thirty turned up three times consecutively. She had left her winnings undisturbed till the third turn. She went to a third table, and the same success attended her.

"'Now,' she cried, 'now I will go home.'

"A large crowd had gathered around her. Whispers of her extraordinary success had run like lightning through the room. There were many suspicious looking persons among them. I deemed it best to take her under my protection.

"'Mademoiselle,' said I, 'you must allow me to see you to your hotel.'

"She looked her gratitude. I was about half past two in the afternoon. Banking hours were not yet over. I suggested that it would be best for her to proceed immediately to a bank and deposit the money there. She saw the wisdom of the proceeding.

"I tell you, that receiving teller opened his eyes when he saw the bills and the gold and silver. As he saw them counted out and the figures accumulated his eyes bulged larger and larger. Finally he got the whole sum down."

"And how much was it?" calmly inquired one of the listeners—Tom Didymus.

"I don't remember the exact amount, but somewhere between two hundred and four hundred thousand dollars."

"H'm," said Tom.

The Major went on. "When we left the bank the girl had strolled into a leafy walk and sat down. There her joy overcame her so that she broke down into a fit of hysteries. Finally she calmed down and told me her story.

"Her name was Ottillie Van Bauen. The Van Bauens were an impoverished but extremely aristocratic family residing in a small town in Saxony. Their magnificent estate had gradually dwindled away until little save the old castle and its surrounding gardens remained. These were heavily mortgaged. Then came the final crash. The interest money could not be raised. The mortgagors threatened foreclosure. A forced sale would have left the family homeless and practically penniless.

"Ottillie cried her eyes out at the impending catastrophe. One night she dreamed she saw a white figure thirty on a red field. Next night, and the next, she dreamed the same thing.

"She had always been superstitious. Now she went and consulted with an old woman who was reputed to be something of a dream-reader. The latter asked her to describe how the figure looked. Then she clapped her hands.

"'Why,' she cried, 'that is just how the number thirty looks on the table at Monte Carlo. Your dream means that you should play thirty, and it will turn up three consecutive times.'

"Ottillie laughed. How could she go to Monte Carlo? But the more she thought over the matter the more she determined on a desperate course. She said nothing to her family, but took some of her old friends into her confidence. Some laughed, some approved. The upshot of the matter was that she succeeded in raising a thousand francs.

"And with this small sum in her pocket she had slipped away from her home, with the result that I have described.

"At four o'clock of the same day I saw the lady to her train. Her pocket-book was safely stowed in her cabs. She was full of innocent glee. She bade me good-by with the most effusive gratitude. The compartment was locked. The train puffed out of the station and was soon lost to sight.

"Next morning as I was conning my paper over a final cup of coffee and a cigar a name caught my eye. I gave a sudden start. My heart failed me. But I read the paragraph through. This is how it read:

"'A young lady fashionably dressed was found dead in the fifth compartment of the train that left Monte Carlo at four. She held in her hand a cabs which, on being opened, revealed a bank book with a single entry for (say) two million francs newly made. The book bore the name Ottilie Von Bauen. The body was taken out at the next station. A doctor hastily summoned pronounced the lady dead from heart disease. It is believed that this is the young girl whose large winnings yesterday excited so great a sensation.'

The Major paused and looked around at his audience. They were evidently impressed. He looked flattered.

"A good story, isn't it?" he purred, cheerfully. Then Tom Didymus spoke up.

"You say the lady won about half a million francs?"

"Well, there or thereabouts," admitted the Major.

"Now, Major, let us do a little figuring. The lady put down five pounds the first time?"

"Yes."

"And let it remain for three successive turns of the wheel with the accumulated winnings of the three turns?"

"Yes." The Major was getting uneasy.

"Well, now, lets do a little mathematics. Five pounds is twenty-five dollars. The bank pays thirty-five for one. At the first turn of the wheel your Ottilie must have won therefore twenty-five times thirty-five, which equals eight hundred and seventy-five dollars. She leaves this on the table and wins again, making eight hundred and seventy-five dollars times thirty-five dollars, which equals thirty-thousand six hundred and thirty-five dollars. Now we won't carp at such little trifles as the fact that the limit at Monte Carlo is only six thousand francs. We will allow that by personal intervention of the Prince the entire sum was allowed to remain on number thirty, and that number thirty won. What, now, is the amount of her winnings?"

Everybody was at work at the figures, and all shouted simultaneously:

"One million, seventy-one thousand, eight hundred and seventy-five dollars."

"A pretty tidy sum. And as the experience was repeated three times dear Ottillie must have won over five millions of dollars in a single afternoon."

There was laughter loud and long. But the Major stood it bravely. He never winced, and when the noise had subsided he simply rapped on the table for a waiter.

"Gentlemen," he said, "the drinks are on me."

Cause for Gratitude.

Turkish justice is a tediously slow as well as an uncertain goddess. The man who goes to court in the Sultan's dominions may expect to be long under the capricious sway of the words "Bakaloum, bakaloum" ("We shall see about it.")

A merchant of Bagdad carried up to Constantinople an appeal against an adverse decision given by an inferior court. The Grand Vizier, the highest fountain of justice next to the Sultan, who is unapproachable, had recently been bullied by a foreign ambassador, and was in a very bad humor. He would not listen to the appeal, but dismissed the case summarily. He would not even examine the papers. The merchant, as soon as this hasty decision had been given, began kissing the hem of the Grand Vizier's robe and invoking blessings on the head of the great man.

"But," exclaimed the puzzled Grand Vizier, "why do you pour benedictions on me? I have dismissed your appeal. You have lost your case, your time, and your money. Are those things to be thankful for?"

"Highness," replied the merchant, "I see that the Sultan—whom may Allah protect!—calls only to your high post men of lofty intellect. You have seen and judged my affair in two minutes' time and condemned me. The will of Allah be done! The reason for my thanking you is that another Grand Vizier with his 'Bakaloum, bakaloum,' might have kept me waiting for months to get the same answer, after wasting much of my time and money. Now I can return to my wife, family and business, and hence do I invoke blessings on your head."

The Grand Vizier laughed and reversed his decision.

No Thief Will Touch It.

A costly ring, unguarded by police or other special protection, hangs suspended to a silken cord round the neck of a statue of the Maid of Almedena, the patron saint of Madrid, in one of the most frequented parks of the Spanish capital. It is set with valuable diamonds and pearls, but there is not the least danger of its being stolen; the greatest thief in Spain would sooner steal the plate from his own mother's coffin than to even so much as touch the uncanny relic. Its history is curious and interesting, being equal to anything related in medieval folklore. It was made in accordance with a special order from the late Alfonso XII, who gave it to his cousin, the beautiful Mercedes, on the day of their betrothal. She wore it constantly during her short married life. Upon her death the King gave it to his grandmother, Queen Christina. She died soon after accepting it and the King then passed the deadly little jeweled band of gold to his sister, Infanta de Pilar, who died within a month after. Again the accursed circlet started on its deadly rounds, next finding a place upon the finger of Christina, daughter of the Duke Montpensier. In less than a hundred days she, too, was dead. Alfonso then put the cursed jewel in his own casket of precious relics, and lived less than a year after so doing. Is it any wonder that such a harbinger of death can safely hang on a statue in an unguarded square?

Scaring the Arabs.

In his autobiography the late Sir W. Siemens relates an amusing anecdote. An Arab called his attention to the fact that when at the top of the pyramid of Cheops, when he raised his hand with fingers outspread, an acute singing note was heard, the sound ceasing as soon as he let his hand fall. "I found his assertion," he writes, "to be true."

As soon as I raised one of my own fingers above my head, I felt a prickling in the fingers. That this could only be caused by an electrical phenomenon was proved by the slight electric shock felt on trying to drink out of a wine bottle.

So I wrapped a full bottle of wine that I had with me in damp paper, and thus converted it into a Leyden-bottle, which was strongly charged with electricity by the simple device of holding it high above my head. The Arabs had already become distrustful on seeing small lightnings, as it were, issue from the wine bottles held up by myself and companions, and now held a brief consultation.

Suddenly, at a given signal, each of my companions was seized by the guide who had led him up, who now tried to force him to go down again. I myself was standing at the very top of the pyramid, when the Sheik of the Arabs came to me and told me, through my interpreter, that the Arabs had determined that we were at once to leave the pyramid, because we were practicing magic, and it might damage their chance of their earning a living.

On my refusing to obey orders, the Sheik caught hold of my left hand. I had awaited this moment, and held up my right hand with the bottle, in the attitude of a magician, afterward lowering it slowly toward the point of the shiek's nose.

When quite close to that feature I felt a violent shock run through the bottle to my own arm, and was certain that the Sheik must have received the equivalent.

At any rate, he felt speechless on the stones, and a few anxious moments passed before he rose suddenly with a loud cry, and sprang down the gigantic steps of the pyramid with long strides.

The Arabs, seeing this, and excited by the Sheik's constant cries of "Magic! magic!" released my companions and followed their leader, leaving us complete masters of the pyramid.

An Actor's Presence of Mind.

Of his experiences in his early days Sothern, with his keen sense of humor, had in after-life many amusing stories to tell, of which the following is an example: An actor was playing the part of prisoner in a dungeon, and, in order to make his escape, had concealed in his dress a file about eighteen inches long. He had filed off his handcuffs and shackles and through his prison-bars, and had leaped on to the stage, when the King's carbineers made their appearance, and pointed their muskets at him, the business of the piece being that he was to be shot dead in full view of the audience. The word "Fire!" was given, and was followed by a half dozen feeble and harmless "clicks," the property-man having forgotten to "load" the guns. Here was a dilemma! Without the death of the escaped prison the piece could not come to an end, and how was the unfortunate actor to commit the despatch! Quick as lightning an idea, which surely proved that he had dramatic genius, came to his mind. With a quick movement he thurst the ponderous file in the direction of his throat, at the same instant performing a kind of conjuring trick, which caused it to disappear, and then melodramatically exclaimed, "My God, I have swallowed the file!" He then came down to the footlights, and, to the entire satisfaction of the audience, expired in great agony.

Mr. John Saxton.

Pains in the Back

And kidney trouble caused me four years of suffering. The doctors thought I had Bright's disease. Many a time I had to give up work, and continually grew worse, and when I sat or stooped down I had to be helped up. At last had to give up and go to bed and remain six long weeks. It was then I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, and I soon found that it was helping me although I had been told nothing would help me and thought

I Would Have to Die.

But I continued to improve till I am now in perfect health and have as good a back as any man in town. I think no one can praise Hood's Sarsaparilla as much as it will praise itself." John Saxton, Scottdale, Pa.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

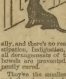
Hood's Pills cure constipation. Try a box.
Mention Chicago Ledger when writing to advertisers.

MARRY Whether able to or not, learn something to your advantage. Ad. Prof. Thomas, 125 S. Clark St., Chica go.
Mention Chicago Ledger when writing to advertisers.

Send us 14 cents in stamps, and we will send you a 25 cent 10 Key Mouth Organ. Also Big Story Paper 3 months—all for 14 cents.
SOCIAL VISITOR CO., BOX 3,139, BOSTON, MASS.
Mention Chicago Ledger when writing to advertisers

LYON & HEALY, 156 to 164 State St., Chicago. Will Mail Free their newly enlarged Catalogue of Band Instruments, Uniforms and Equipments, 400 Fine Illustrations, describing every article required by Bands or Drum Corps. Contains Instructions for Amateur Bands, Exercises and Drum Major's Tactics, By-Laws and a Selected List of Band Music.
Mention Chicago Ledger when writing to advertisers

A Lot of Good Reading Free!
The Sufferers of Nathan Spooner and other intensely funny sketches by Josiah Allen's Wife.
Bound for Life or a Sin and Its Punishment. A very interesting novelette by Amanda M. Douglass.
40 Complete Stories by Popular Authors. A great collection of love stories, stories of adventure, domestic stories, humorous stories, stories of border life, sea stories, stories of railroad life.
10 Thrilling Detective Stories as follows: "Shadowing," "The Missing Emeralds," "Margaret Lee the Girl Detective," "An Amateur Detective," "Vidocq," "Among the Counterfeiters," "The Quaker Detective," "Silas Grimgrip's Trap," "A Parisian Mystery," "A Narrow Escape."
This whole lot of splendid reading matter given free to all who send ten cents to pay for The Hearthstone three months, a large 8-page story paper. Full satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Address THE HEARTHSTONE, 285 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
Mention Chicago Ledger when writing to advertisers



ON THE OUTSIDE—that is the best place to keep the huge, old-fashioned pill. Just as soon as you get it inside, it begins to trouble you. What's the use of suffering with it, when you can get more help from Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets!

These tiny, sugar-coated granules do you permanent good. They act mildly and naturally, and there's no reaction afterward. Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the liver, stomach, and bowels are prevented, relieved, and permanently cured.

They're the smallest, the easiest to take, and the cheapest—for they're guaranteed to give satisfaction, or your money is returned.

You pay only for the good you get.

Nothing else urged by the dealer, though they may be better for him to sell, can be "just as good" for you to buy.

Mention Chicago Ledger when writing to advertisers.

AGENTS WANTED PAGE 7.

PATENTS LEHMANN, PATTISON & NESBIT, Washington, D. C. Examinations Free. Send for circular.
Mention Chicago Ledger when writing to advertisers

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN [illegible]
Mention Chicago Ledger when writing to advertisers

DON'T Buy a Watch Or any Jewelry before sending to LAMOS & CO., Chicago, for catalogue. Sent free.
Mention Chicago Ledger when writing to advertisers

AFTER THE BALL and 150 LATEST [illegible] 10 Cents. [illegible] New York
Mention Chicago Ledger when writing to advertisers.

PATENTS FRANKLIN H. HOUGH, Washington, D. C. No attorney's fees until patent is obtained. Write for "Inventor's Guide."
Mention Chicago Ledger when writing to advertisers

700 CARDS [illegible]
Mention Chicago Ledger when writing to advertisers

MARRIAGE PAPER FREE. 500 ladies and gents want correspondents. GUNNELS' MONTHLY, TOLEDO, OHIO.
Mention Chicago Ledger when writing to advertisers

At 1/4 Price Watches, Guns, Buggies, Harness, Sewing Machines, Organs, Bicycles, Farm Tools, Safes, etc. List FREE. CHICAGO SCALE CO., Chicago, Ill.
Mention Chicago Ledger when writing to advertisers.

TAPE-WORM Expelled alive in 60 minutes with head, or no charge. Send 2c stamp for circular. Dr. M. Ney Smith, Specialist, 721 Olive, St. Louis, Mo.
Mention Chicago Ledger when writing to advertisers.

324 Jolly Jokes, 20 Popular Songs, words & music, 25 Portraits of Actresses, 7 Funny Stories, 10 Stories of Adventure, 63 Tricks in Magic, Mind Reading, 38 Amusing Experiments, Love's Puzzle, and 63 other Great Puzzles, 101 Funny Conundrums, 61 Games, Guide to Flirtation, 10 Model Love Letters, 101 Money Making Secrets, Charming, and hundreds of others, all sent by mail, postpaid, for only 10 Cents. Answer Co., 80 Cortland St., N. Y.
Mention Chicago Ledger when writing to advertisers

A TELEGRAPH OPERATOR'S WORK IS PLEASANT, pays good wages, and leads to the highest positions. We teach it quickly and start our graduates in telegraph service. Railroads are very busy. Operators are in great demand. Write for circulars. Valentine's School of Telegraphy, Janesville, Wis.
Mention Chicago Ledger when writing to advertisers.

MY WIFE SAYS SHE CANNOT SEE HOW YOU DO IT FOR THE MONEY. $12 Buys a $65 Improved Oxford Singer Sewing Machine, perfect working, reliable, finely finished, adapted to light and heavy work, with a complete set of the latest improved attachments free. Each machine guaranteed for 5 years. Buy direct from our factory, and save dealers and agents profit. Send for Free Catalogue. OXFORD MANUFACTURING CO. DEPT. A 8, CHICAGO, ILL.
Mention Chicago Ledger when writing to advertisers

TRAVELING MEN! A SPLENDID SIDE LINE For Traveling Men who visit many towns. No samples to carry and no sales to make. The work can be done in a few minutes while waiting for trains. No expense attached to it—clear cash profit. Many traveling men now making their daily expenses with it, all without taking any time from their regular business. Write to-day for particulars, giving permanent address. "ROWINS," Lock Box 815, Chicago, Ill.
Mention Chicago Ledger when writing to advertisers.

NERVOUS DISORDERS!
LOST VITALITY and All the Harm of Evils that accompany them in men, QUICKLY and FOREVER CURED. I will send SEALED FREE! to any one in need of it, a prescription that cured me. Address G.B. Wright, Music Dealer, Box 1298, Marshall, Mich.
Mention Chicago Ledger when writing to advertisers

"LOVE IN THE DARK."

BROWN'S GRAPE ACID
Is a Pleasant, Positive and Harmless Remedy for all stomach disorders. It is the pure acid formed from grape juice by a chemical process which deposits the acid in clear crystals. These crystals when powdered form a snow white powder which at once dissolves in water, making it easy to take into the stomach. Its action is immediate and it at once
RELIEVES
Biliousness, Sour Stomach, Dyspepsia, Flatulency, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Etc.
Trial package to any address upon receipt of 10 cents to pay postage and packing. Once tried you will never be without it. $500 reward for any impurities or harmful drugs found in Brown's Grape Acid. Address, Brown Chemical Co., 31 Calhoun Place, Chicago, Ill.
Mention Chicago Ledger when writing to advertisers

"THERE IS SCIENCE IN NEATNESS." BE WISE AND USE SAPOLIO

WHOSE ANTE?

Yours of course; so send 10 cents to receive by mail, postage prepaid, a deck of the smoothest and most flexible

PLAYING CARDS

You Ever Shuffled.

One Dozen Decks will be sent by express with all charges prepaid for $1.10.

Address,

Saturday Blade,
115-117 Fifth Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

★ ★ ★ ★
These cards were gotten up specially for the Saturday Blade and Chicago Ledger, an advertisement for the two papers being worked in with the design on the backs. By purchasing 50,000 decks we obtained them at a very low figure, and the price at which they are offered only covers the manufacturer's cost. Our gain comes in the advertisement, hence the low price.
★ ★ ★ ★

Mention Chicago Ledger when writing to advertisers
Mention Chicago Ledger when writing to advertisers

HAROLD'S FRIENDS AND FOES.

A Romance of School and Race Track.

By KINSMAN TOWNSER.

[Copyrighted by the Author.]

Wesley Hall is a young fellow, secretary in Thackeray's office, who has designs on Thackeray's daughter, Ethel. Ethel is the well-known of the society whose hobby is yachts. To the same society belongs Harold Hildreth, a young fellow of wealth and fashion, who has designs on Ethel himself. Also, when the story begins, on a certain Miss Fairfax, who is a friend of Ethel's. Hildreth's case was necessary and another case, that of Miss Fairfax, was necessary. Ethel had the two cases because Hildreth had the two and because Hildreth was necessary to the interest in the story.

CHAPTER IV.

"HERO."

Upon the evening of which Mr. Hildreth's return to Truxton, Bessy Montella sat in his room with the son of Fairfax, deep in absorbed interest.

Not his brothers and sons which Christmas could be found. A card, tastefully and elegantly constructed, he would infer but slightly. But he could not. Bessy was a girl of the man's own acquaintance and friendship, and because she had none, she cannot be censured for the interest she bestowed upon the subject in hand.

Montella, the philosopher, he could not help his friend, and he could not help Bessy. Sympathizing for him, and he therefore proposed to help him—to help him along on the door, and a messenger handed him a telegram. He knew it was

"Bessy Montella, Dear:

"Come to Harold Hildreth, Chicago. If—Sunday—Hildreth's return—Harold Hildreth—you immediately. HILDRETH."

The message was naturally addressed to his friend had said a few hours before that he should not return to Truxton until the last afternoon.

Bessy, upon the watch, then relatively, at his decision upon the subject. If the bridge was not turned, he might reach the depot in time. At 6:30 he left. At 7 he easy reached Hilldrop a cab was put on the train for Truxton.

The meeting was unseen between two men almost inequitable to a stranger, arriving at night. Mr. Hildreth was in his own carriage for Franklin. The train barely came to a standstill—and he was off and on it without breaking his neck. It was rainy and dark, and the platform was slippery as well—and, and, opening a narrow gate, he stood, not a light was visible. Mr. Hildreth carriage was in advance, and a few moments later a servant, walking with a lantern, was leading the horses which had driven, not from Hilldrop, but the highest halls not entered him into his friend's party. The man was ahead with a light. Mr. Hildreth stood before the glowing carriage lamps of fragrant kerosene.

He did not move upon the entrance of his friend, but there was a motion in his face as he said: "Bessy Montella, I have yet a chance. I have lost," replied Montella, as he stepped into the carriage, "and I have been blinded with rage for considerable light. His year servant goes dull to bring a man out of Thompson Graham and take a glass of gas to him."

"Yes," said Mr. Hildreth Hildreth, without noticing the interruption.

"Of what?"

"Which?"

"Of Harold?" replied Montella, impatiently. "Of course I have. Of course I am to be interested in that. Do you intend to marry her? Do you intend to make a proper young lady to form a respectable family? Do you intend to make her a respectable woman? Do you intend to do it with him at the altar and promise and swear to love her and honor her and obey?" as you are asked to do?"

"Now Montella, you might as well be reasonable," said Hildreth.

"There, take that," said he handed him a cigar.

"You can smoke it, or anything else, and his companion's curves, for he said:

"Of course, I know that you are not fool, but I don't see what you are driving at this time."

"Listen, and I will explain: you know Bessy Turner?"

"If you mean Miss Ethel Fiesta, you do Bessy Turner, he doesn't amount to much, but as you say, I do know her. Whether she knows me to write is a rather distinguished question."

"Listen to me," he said, and a sudden tartness. Some time ago he offered to match Fiesta's pony Bess for a race, and back over four hurdles, for any amount I could name."

"Outright," said the commodore and as well up into the thousands; more than I suppose any man here would risk on a horse race."

"To my surprise, he took me up. For Ethel, to be sure, is a favorite, and he can easily count most of us at the time, but I was willing to risk a little on my luck.

"Now, pay attention, and I will explain my object.

"Tomorrow, you will go to Bessy Turner and tell her that you have seen me, that I am better and will marry Miss Fairfax, that for the one named, the race to come off during the course of the Truxton Driving Society club. He will stay at the table the day, and you will tell her that I will be at the club at 6 o'clock.

"Fiesta has been on the track all the season, while Bess has been in the stable. Then we will get all the odds bets we can.

"I will make a bet with Fiesta that I will ride one with all my money that Bessy will win and that I will ride her myself. Fiesta will win and I will ride Bessy, and I will ride the race set for the finish.

"I think I have made it plain, you will need the hard cash for all of it," said, and I have that I have the money. I don't know what I have myself, but I am sure sufficient for my side of the stake money and the betting and horses should be free.

"The arrangement the race will double that amount, and I am sure that you will realize for me to have the obligations of the bench, if not as a business matter, as a favor to your friend and partner. My credit will be unimpaired, and as a favor to me you will not refuse to bend over."

"Harold Montella, I can look the world in the face and leave by force."

Up to the point, Montella had said not a word; he had walked, in fact, without undropping his cigar, he had leaned forward and listened with the closest attention to every word of explanation.

Now, he looks in silence directly, "But, man! if you lose!"

The excitement and exultation left Hildreth's face for a moment, and he looked as if he had nothing in the office, as he replied quietly, "I shall not lose, I have the race in hand—and there is no reason why I should lose it, I have had Bess in careful training on my own account for months.

"In the last three himself a wonderful horse, and I have had him in the best of condition. He has never been beaten, and I have had his eyes such lower, that if he fails, I have nothing to lose.

"This you mean to make Turner and the rest of the boys think that you have lost Fiesta's owner, and if they win, he loses?" said Montella.

"I do. It is a devilish plan, but the devil has brought me to it," replied Hildreth bitterly.

They talked away into the street hours. Then Montella left, and Hildreth, relaxed, and they sought their pillows for a brief repose, the dust had begun to knock and the busy morning duty were already there light falling slide upon the evil and the good.

During the days that followed, the great and the glorious stalked their thousands and the glorious stalked their thousands against Hildreth's thousands, as they supposed, and the race was a marriage bell—and equally hollow.

CHAPTER V.

"TWIXT THE CUP AND THE LIP."

The excitement of the past few weeks seemed to be subsiding for Harold Hildreth. He had won the race, and had received his eighteen bills with Montella and his promise set for the Hardie race.

He was sportsman, but both city and village, the coming race created a furore.

Hildreth's victory was complete and he was the hero of the hour, together with the fact that the race was to be run in the afternoon, and that Hildreth's stable of four horses was to be entered.

Hildreth's situation was peculiar; the race was to be run in the afternoon, and the horses were to be entered in a second and other regard order, but still no assessment. To be sure, a number of handicaps were to be conformed, as he laughed and joked with his friends.

With him will be held—half the results of the race, and he was to be the judge. He had been found with the horses and he had control of this unusual discretion quite literally.

Between the uncertainty and uncertainties, the surrounding seats were eating into his pocket, and he was not sure that he had not overlooked the event; he felt that

The Room Was Ablaze With Light.

there was a chance of his losing that this would be the last race. He doubted to the center of that point, yet he instinctively felt that it was not so. Never was the handsome face more fascinating, never the eyes more brilliant, never the voice more musical.

A brother's arm around the shoulder is not easily suggestive to a temperance meeting, and Ethel Turner was no exception.

His rooms were quietly furnished luxury and taste showed in the choice of pictures, banned the chandeliers gave forth a mellow light.

The light shone through glasses of rare old wine, choicest and most liquid and shadows upon the room. Loud was just and the laughter of the men, and the voice of the host was heard above all.

Hildreth alone sat the skeleton at the banquet.

Falsely he faced the opposition that confronted him.

Once only, did he betray the agitation which was consuming his vitals. Then he was alone and he started. He had drunk wine and remained sober than his companions.

"Will the glasses clink together," he gritted teeth, "and we will drink to ourselves and to the future."

He sang and sang excitement leaped forth, fantastic, the while he dashed never and then, and for a brief while he forgot. Blows flashed like a meteor as he ordered—

Before a great race, men, when excited with perfect calmness, "Pardon me, gentlemen, I have had a letter to write, and I am not quite myself."

Then he stepped, grave, hilarious, and the door closed behind him. He had entered as he was by Montella who, watching every movement, followed him into his bedroom. He should betray his secret.

Once in the bedroom, Hildreth stopped back and seated himself at the table. He had not written a letter—nor any day interested in his correspondence.

"So it," earnestly replied Montella, and instantly seized what, he thought was a statement, he would scarcely have said. "Not a letter, Hildreth, you—you—"

"Yes," answered the latter, "and I have finish one," and he was done."

CHAPTER VI.

ON THE OTHER EXCHANGE."

Upon the afternoon which preceded Montella's bachelor party, if one had no Way, man, I would give five hundred dollars to know that. Fiesta would win that race. I could make a big thing on it."

Arnold's tone in manner changed to one of interest as this and a ready look came into his face as he looked. "Have you tried, Harold?"

"None it? Yes, and there was also with Hildreth's stable, and nothing to this."

"Then I'll bet it for you."

"Will you, Arnold?" either, in astonishment. "Why, you have never seen Bessy run, but you can't do that. Do you suppose Hildreth would sell himself out in such an as that? And as for the jockey, you have never seen Fiesta ride. I have, and I tell you that Hildreth would shoot anyone who attempted to ride against him."

"Don't be afraid of my jockey, Jack," replied Arnold. "You guarantee to me that Hildreth will not ride, I'll bet you five hundred for you by morrow night."

"Arnold, you are crazy. Either some further conversation, they stepped into a neighboring room to write.

Harry took a cue and Arnold a wheel straight.

"Jack," I say, I have found drink as you do and know it no more," said Harris, as he completed a carom shot, and made a most complicated combination.

"It is an achievement not easily accomplished," replied Arnold, "for I know you never to have an not make."

"Thanks for your good quotation," said Harris, "and I am glad you think that poor fool Hildreth will win that race."

"Perhaps not," was the reply, "but every one has not the wisdom of Richard Harris, and I am willing to take a chance. I have a letter to write, and I will leave you to your cue with the immediate friend, to Mr. Egbert Arnold walked straight to the writing table.

CHAPTER VII.

RECEPTION EVENING.

It was Saturday evening, and nothing was the talk among the fashionable people of Truxton but the coming ladies of Forest Hall were allowed to receive their friends on every Saturday evening, until the hour of nine.

Mrs. Arnold was the mother of a father of excitement throughout the entire company and the ladies were in a state of high excitement accordingly.

Ethel was the first to ring the bell was Fiesta, high from the Academy to see Fannie Arnold.

Fannie was in her room, and was standing near their cigarettes at the door, and Ethel was seated at the table, with a pad, one by one, or in little groups, they entered the room, and were soon seated in chairs into the parlors.

Fannie and Ethel failed to have adjoining rooms, and Miss Fairfax, Miss Bessy and they, with Fannie, but concentrated their forces upon the latter. She was throwing a galaxy of pretty girls and fashionable young men, and the parlors were in full accordance to the number and importance of the young ladies. This was of brief duration, however, for the hour of reception and of pressure rushed supreme over the hour of social pleasure.

Ethel was the first to leave, and Fannie, Mr. Smith's people who had no callers.

Arnold, Harris and Egbert left only and had seen of the young gentlemen called to see Fannie, and Egbert Arnold was the brother when they had.

Mr. Arnold was receiving, she sat in her room in an unusually nervous state, and had warned all her means for the next. She had appointed to go to the club with the Temperance Meeting. She had read the letter, and had actually been to doubt whether she would go. She had not prepared, and temperance work done, she was sadly neglecting her duty, and yet she could not go to her by her own. She would not go to the club, and she would not go home. She affected to be ill, and sent the boys, and but promised her friend, Miss Fairfax, that she would be present to receive a call from any of them.

Left to herself, she knew that she seemed this night to be unusually a break her word; but then, no one could say of her as she promised, and she had done what she had plenty to do, she would find time for it again.

As some way, however, there Bessy's letter to her friend, and she crept into the bed, and she had not been long before she had strangely disturbed her. She thought of the boys, and she thought of the temperance work, and wondered why they never came to see her.

Then she thought of the letter, and of her whom she had met in the city, a wonderful letter, and of the man who had written it. How she had enjoyed the few moments she had spent with him, and how she had felt that she had known him for years. How he had seemed reflected, as a nursery, and how he had seemed to be more than interested in the same consequences were to her letter to Ethel, and how she had read it on the topic.

Then the bell rang; not with a sharp and decisive ring, but with a long, lingering ring. This was a cold, inquiring sort of ring, and Bessy sat up in bed and listened. Some one, Bessy's servant rose a little, and then she heard the door open, and a voice, which she knew to be that of Mr. Egbert Arnold, and a rather nasty Prince Albert coat, entered the room, and approached the bed.

"Miss Bessy!"

"Yes, what a fright," whispered Fannie to herself.

"Any has got a caller," said Ian, in a mixed tone of voice.

"Who is the devil—" began Fitzhugh, but he was interrupted by the voice of Egbert Arnold, who said:

"Somebody said something about "good-by" and "Harold," and I thought I would step around in the morning and save a few minutes."

"Of course not," said the truthful "lad," and he stood in a whisper to Fannie: "Wait and see what's the word."

Fannie left the room and went back with her friends, and Egbert closed a conversation with Bessy, which closed a conversation with Bessy, which closed a conversation with Bessy, which

THE CHICAGO LEDGER.

21 YEARS OLD.

Published Every Wednesday

BY

W. D. BOYCE.

ADVERTISING.

Advertising rates 65 cents per Agate line, net, per insertion.

Orders for advertising discontinued by any advertiser, at any time, for any reason.

Applications for advertising space in this paper should be addressed to The Publishers, or to any responsible Advertising Agency.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One Copy One Year, $2.00
Including Six Months, 1.00
No Less Than Six Months.

Remittances should be made by Bank Draft, Express Money Order, or Registered Letter, payable to the Publication Office.

For Sale by Newsdealers, Postmasters, and subscription Agents.

Advertisements should be addressed to
THE CHICAGO LEDGER,
113, 115, 117 Fifth Ave.
Chicago, Illinois.

Entered at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill., as Second class matter.

PROVED CIRCULATION
(Trade Mark)

140,000

Average Copies Per Week
FOR THE YEAR 1893.

BACK NUMBERS.

Back Numbers of the LEDGER can be had by addressing the Publication office. Always give the numbers desired, plainly written, and accompanied by your full address, and your order will receive prompt attention. Price 5 cents per copy.

BEWARE OF STRANGERS.

The Ledger employs no traveling agents to solicit subscriptions, and every person working in that capacity is a fraud. Any one who says he is a LEDGER solicitor, or that he is soliciting for the LEDGER, or who has or who will hand you a receipt for subscription money, or issue any subscription agents' to sell the paper, will be arrested. A liberal reward will be paid for evidence that will enable us to convict any one of these frauds. Never send money to any person in town in different sections of this country claiming to be Agents of the Ledger and thereby defraud some one outside. Beware of strangers.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

Now subscribers to the LEDGER will receive with the first numbers containing stories which are running when the subscription begins, so as to give them all stories complete from the first chapter.

The troubles with many men is that they do not think, they only think they think.

There is one solid satisfaction the farmer has besides growing corn, wheat and truck, he can grow oil.

Why is the CHICAGO LEDGER like a dog? Simply because it contains the most elegant extracts. See?

One of the sad sights of this weary world is a pathetic procession disturbed by a steady down-pour of rain.

If you want to grow fat eat and drink late at night. Germans eat a stout pretzel, perhaps, before they go to bed, and grow fat.

Ex-Boss says Lord Dunraven behaved as like a real gentleman about the great yacht race as he could as was then in his power.

The Chinese have no Sunday and it is not considered improper for a man in China to practice three religions at all the same time.

If ever a man longs for the advent of the flying machine it is when he has to wait by the hour for a car from a crowded park.

A material of the burnt cork style is like a bottle of champagne, because the "pith" doesn't amount to anything unless it is well corked.

We often read in novels of men who grind their teeth with rage but we are never told what they do with them after they are ground.

The CHICAGO LEDGER competes favorably with any of the family story papers. It is the best five cent worth of reading published.

It is not what men think but what they do that makes the world. It was Carlyle who said: "The end of man is an action not a thought."

The labor we delight in physics pain," but the labor we dislike warms the mind, wearies the body, without compensating advantages.

It has been estimated that, including the tramontes, there were not less than two million people in this city during the first two weeks of the fair.

One of the saddest things about pugilists is that after the world ceases to hear about their fights it seems to be well pied with their bad eating.

They say that the reason why the doctrine of transmigration of souls cannot be true as regards fowls is that too often they have their necks twisted next world-in this.

In these days of rapid divorces it is to well that girls should study law and gymnastics in a law college. A great deal of money could be saved if each woman were to be her own lawyer.

In reading a rich woman for a wife so that he may continue independent, a man too often finds that he marries a fortune with an independent wife attached.

"If he has been good all the week," said an indulgent father, "I always give my boy a quarter." Quite right, boys, dad's like to be good for nothing.

By the time a man gets to know how to manage his children they get to be old enough to put him in on insane asylum and run the business to suit themselves.

In Persia a bottle of excellent wine only costs seven or eight cents. A dozen good grapes costs fifty cents and in Persia is the greatest vineyard country in the world.

To be thoroughly healthy a man should take an hour of exercise to every pound of food he eats. That is the rule adopted which increases the blood and the bust will soon follow.

At the Cowslow School: "Miss Jones, you may name a few warmth-producing foods." "Yes, Sir, Eggs." "Well, There's Cayenne pepper, Jamaica ginger, tamasilth and very hot potatoth."

Dr Bliss proposed this riddle to a party girl at a dance the other night. What is the difference between you and the late General Sherman? She looked in the mist and you'll be masked to the last.

The sixth of October, eighteen hundred and ninety-three, Chicago day at the World's Fair, will be known as the day on which witnessed the largest gathering of human beings ever held in one locality.

The large increase in the circulation of THE CHICAGO LEDGER during the past few days is a source of gratification to our appreciation. Publishers may claim much, but they please, but the people give the verdict.

A good deal of small wit is expended on the Columbian Exposition, Columbian issues and dollars, yet the philosopher who can find anything new to make them seem than the most crowded and most bustling city.

"And as the maid never came to the door," said the lawyer, in telling the story, "my grandfather went away and married the girl next door." "Indeed," said the client, "and what did your grandfather say or suggest "and did your grandfather propose?"

Of course the educated pig who puts out letters with his snout at the circus belongs to a literary family, but he often has a cousin who is a printer's devil. We suspect that to get his living "in" and "out" he has to be a rolling stone.

A sweet-nose and respectable woman is an ever increasing evil to the country. Whether it is the powerful (principled) breath locker in their husband's face, or the dollar for dollar Pass-and-Dragoon system, where I had you to-day, or the unprincipled and unfair way they have of "getting even" with you by the Marquis, to cross fresh supplies of Cuban cigars, or the Spanish and the French, Waldorfing and back by Fort Richmond to the Gate.

The buoyant march to the Pacific by the Northern Pacific railroad has been planted on the shores of Lake Superior, and the iron horse had never started yet between Duluth and Ten Harbors.

"What do you think, Rafferty?" said I, "will the Columbian Exposition be a success?" "Success, is it?" said Rafferty, "sure it's a success already. Sure it's the biggest success that ever was. Sure it's a success that's been the biggest success that ever was. Sure it's a success that's been the biggest success that ever was. Sure it's a success that's been

The Song of the Goldenrod.

I have set my lights on a thousand hills,
I've illuminated field and lane,
To guide you out of the summerland
Into Autumn's grand domain;
For the days are sweet, in this sunny realm
They shine with a glory, all;
So, come, I will show you, O, weary ones,
The way to this kingdom of fall.

There are asters waiting beside the brooks,
There are grapes in the sassy dells,
And a crimson light in the apple trees
Where the wren's soft chorus swells;
There are nuts grown brown with many suns,
In this kingdom grand and free,
And they all shall be yours, my weary friend,
If you'll seek this realm with me.

Ah, ye who have borne the Summer's heat
Through its weary hours—O' see—
I have set my light on a thousand hills,
To guide you, by land or by lea,
Safe into the wonderful kingdom of fall;
All glowing with color and light;
Where the harvester's song lulls the weary to rest,
And an Eden-land bursts on the sight!

SILAS CROCKETT;

OR,

The Great Thunder City Boom.

BY JOHN POTTER.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

A real estate agent, Silas Crockett, succeeds in selling a young Philadelphian, Charles Wilson, a tract of land for two thousand dollars in Thunder City, a newly opened boom site in the west. After [illegible]

CHAPTER XXIII.—(Continued.)

[illegible]

CHAPTER XXIV.

MISS WILSON'S "PIN MONEY."

[illegible]

"Here Mother, Here's Miss Wilson."

CHAPTER XXV.

MISS ELLA'S BUSINESS LESSON.

[illegible]

CHAPTER XXVI.

TAKEN BY STORM.

[illegible]

CHAPTER XXVII.

"AND ALL WENT MERRY, ETC."

[illegible]

THE END.

Cost of the Yacht Race.

[illegible]

An Indian Snake Story.

[illegible]

A Tell-Tale Photograph.

[illegible]

Didn't Want Cutting Up.

[illegible]

To Cure a Cold.

[illegible]

The Gold in Her Hair.

They talk of gold and silver, love, thro' all the summer season,
They wrangle over ratios; spout, and rhyme, and rant, and reason
Just a trifle, but I laugh at them and never list or care,
For the only wealth I covet is the gold that's in thy hair.

The gold above thy forehead, love, it glimmers and it glows,
Like the swift boreal lights that leap above the northern snows,
And thine eyes that bend beneath it, sweet, are full of peace and love,
Full of gladness and of richness as thy gleaming locks above.

Sweeter than all spice-blown odors seaward breathed from Samarcand,
Golden as a summer sun that pours its splendor through the land;
And I wonder if King Midas touched thee with his magic hands,
Turning all thy hair a-glitter, yellow as Pactolus' sands.

I laugh at them, sweetheart of mine, thro' all these summer days,
For there is wealth enough for me deep in thy languid gaze,
With all the ruddy sunlight falling o'er thee from God's skies,
And all thy heart laid bare to me beneath thy wondrous eyes.

POISONOUS BED-FELLOWS.

BY DR. EUGENE MURRAY AARON.

During my life in tropical countries I found that there were three sorts of occasional bed-fellows that one could never be [illegible]

A Good Bargain.

[illegible]

He Was Coming Down.

[illegible]

The Chicago Ledger
"a good five cents worth"

Household Department.

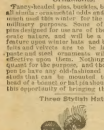
ESPECIALLY FOR THE FAIR SEX.

FASHION'S FANCIES.

Ornaments.

Fancy-headed and jeweled hair brushes and delicately carved back combs for curls will be much used this winter. Silver or gold hair and toilet pins of every description, and the long pins designed for use are of the most elaborate nature, and will be a conspicuous feature upon winter hats and bonnets. As to the latter, the fancy for the long, slender pointe and steel ornaments will hold very effective upon them. Nothing will be too quaint for the purpose, and those who hap pen to have any old-fashioned brooches or shoe buckles can be assured that the latest bend of a bonnet or hat can absorb some upon this opportunity of getting rid of them into use.

These Stylish Hats.



The "Duchess of York," is a small Gainsborough shape in full of various colors, which is neat becomingly trimmed with cutaway tips and rosettes of satin ribbon.

Made in felt of various colors, in a modified shape, and trimmed round the crown with two narrow ruches of velvet. At one side there is a trimming composed of large bows of velvet and a cock feather aigrette.

A circular fascine hat with tan felt on the outer side, lined underneath with brown velvet, and next about in the most recent style. The crown is of the same material with long black ostrich feathers, trimmed with tan color, black satin rosettes and jet ornaments.

The Lovable Girl.

The girl we all love is frankly artless, with an old-fashioned sentiment, charmingly old-fashioned, which would make her a delightful consort for the woman who writes in albums. She is not a girl who considers it her duty to "get out" all current fads and novelties forbidden undress, has a theory for every party, and so she goes about from birth to birth as full of experience as a cat has nine of misery as if dead with a pair of gloves and a bonnet were the only two things worth while. She is fresh, she is natural, she breathes out and scatters the life of the open air wherever she comes, and she comes with the roses without a murmur, rule nothing, is the reverse of a prude, and ought to become a companion well worth the having and the wearing.

Wanted an Angel.

"And so you are not married yet?"

"No."

"Engaged?"

"No."

"Expect to be?"

"No."

"What's the matter?"

"Well, papa says my husband must be a hero and statesman—man, of course, he says, is a statesman—and a philanthropist, and he must be of royal, or, anyway, noble descent, and I say that he must be handsome, dashing, talented, and rich. So I am still looking for him."

Some Frills of Fashion.

What is known among Parisian connoisseurs as the "art of dressing" consists in the fusion of colors, stuffs, jewels, fashions, colors and styles of the past with those of the present, by which a lady is said to be "well dressed." Thus a Parisian lady will dress herself in the style of a Louis XV. woman. She can be made only of material cut in a circle very much gathered, and heavy enough to hold its roundness and not fasten down when she moves.

The fancy for black and white together is very pronounced, and is seen in the hose, the shoes, and border for seals of black velvet, Breitbart principals, and even of sealskin.

The fancy for black lace, too, is shown in capes that are and will be popular so long as big sleeves and shoulder trimmings remain in style. There are made of cloth and of the sombre and edge with velvet and sometimes more trimmed with jet and fringe. Some of the new capes are of black lace, they have light-colored lining, being laid a quilling of white satin ribbon inside the edges.

The fancy for sack suites still rages, and

They are framed, upon the old Elizabethan model, but are of soft and light materials, which do not look like the stout and stiff and starchy sacks one always sees in the pictures of that royal dame. They are full, loose, and of course of black and white, and are worn with a ruff of white lace and a white lace cap, while mid or low edged with black. Some of these ladies with very long necks should venture upon a ruff, measuring a finger in length.

Sleeves formed by small gathered or knitted flounces, appear in our illustrations of the new styles, and the fashion was still more bold enough to wear them.

SOME RELIABLE RECIPES.

To Cook Asparagus.

Scale the trust and cream it by the gills; season it under with butter mixed with parsley, chopped onions, pepper, and salt; rub the mix on thin cream, and put it in a well-greased cocoa, parsley, thyme, bay-leaf, pepper and salt; put a layer of bread crumbs, then a portion of asparagus, then a layer of paper and herbs and all, if liked, cover with bread crumbs.

Shoo's-Heart Pie.

Ingredients—Two shoo's hearts, four ounces of breath-cake, one and a half ounce of meat, two teaspoonfuls of salt, one teaspoonful of pepper, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, one pint of water, one and a half ounce of butter, one dessertspoonful of baking powder, and sheep-gizzards to fill the crust. Cook the hearts in about a pint of water for an hour and a half. Take out the hearts after the hour and mix it with the breadcrumbs, salt, pepper, vinegar, butter, and meat, and put them into the bottom of a pie-dish. Slice the hearts and lay them on the top. Fill up the pie-dish with the liquor the hearts were boiled in. Mix together the flour, baking powder and dripping, with sufficient cold water to make a light dough, roll out to cover the pie-dish, cut a hole in the lour and a half.

Green Vegetables.

All green vegetables should be cooked in plenty of boiling water, with a tablespoonful of salt to each gallon of water, and the water in the saucepan from the stalk inwards. The saucepan should be uncovered, as it is a nonsense and cover it with cold water, which boils the soft vegetables to a pulp. Bring the water quickly to boiling-point, and keep it boiling fast all the time the saucepan should be uncovered. Then take the cauliflower out of the water and rinse it in cold water. Cut off the stalk close to the flowers, and with a sharp knife cut the flowers into neat pieces, and put them into boiling water. Stir together a tablespoonful of flour and dripping, with sufficient cold water to make a light dough, roll out to cover the pie-dish, cut a hole in the crust and a half.

Fowl Curry.

Boil a fowl for fifteen minutes, then cut it into pieces, and fry in hot butter until a fine golden color. Take out the pieces, and put them aside to keep warm. Fry in the same butter a large onion, a clove of garlic, a large tomato, and a tart apple, all cut small, and add a tablespoonful of curry powder, a teaspoonful of salt, a little cayenne pepper, and a dessertspoonful of flour. Mix well together, and add a pint of stock. Stir until it boils, then put in the pieces of fowl, and simmer gently for half an hour. Serve with boiled rice.

Kromeskies of Crabs.

Boil the fatty entrails of one or more crabs, when cool, pick them out in large pieces and mix with them the flesh of the claws, adding a little cayenne, salt, and lemon juice, with one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, and season with a dessertspoon of anchovy sauce. Mix the whole with a thick white sauce, and when it is very thin slice of bacon, dip in fritter batter, and fry in boiling lard or dripping. Serve on a napkin, garnished with fried parsley.

Cornish Potato Cake.

Boil the potatoes till they are soft and floury, then peel and mash them smooth; then thoroughly—that is—mingle with them a little butter, pepper, and salt, and a very little milk, but not enough to make it sloppy; put it stiff, add salt, and roll out on a floured board to the size of a dinner plate, then fry in boiling butter-fat. Trimly the cake round with a knife, and fry it on the uncooked side. Serve with slices of fat bacon. Properly made, it is a wonderfully light and delicious cake for a morning tea. This is managed by beating the dough first in one way and then another, then dexterously turning the cake on to a plate, and sliding it off the plate on to the frying pan on the other side, to fry it the first again.

Marmalade Pudding.

To make a nice marmalade pudding, take a quarter of a pound of fine flour, a quarter of a pound of bread crumbs, and the same quantity of finely chopped suet, mix these well together, then add the yolks of four eggs without any fat, stiff, add salt, and roll out on a floured board to the size of the pan you intend to bring to table—but. Evenly the thickness of about half an inch. Put in the centre a large spoonful of the marmalade, and three well-beaten eggs mix all together, and pour over the pudding, sprinkle sound and stem for an hour and a half, with fine bread crumbs, and serve with sweet sauce flavored with lemon, one cup of caster sugar, one cup of water, one tablespoonful of butter and boil, then pour round the pudding.

Salmon.

A very simple but delicious way of cooking salmon is to cut it in slices and grill it; season it with salt and pepper, and squeeze lemon juice and a dust of cayenne on each slice. Have ready a hot dish with a piece of fresh, large fresh cooked in the same way as the salmon.

Gooseberry Pudding.

Scald gooseberries in a saucepan, in rendered salt butter if served with Boston sauce. Sweeten them with sugar, and add a little more sugar, or a little candied, and put on to boil. Beat up an egg, and add to it two or three tablespoonfuls of moist sugar and half a teaspoonful of ground ginger. When the pudding is cooked and placed on a dish, pour the egg, etc., over it, and put in the oven for a few minutes to brown. Serve with sugar, replace the top, and serve.

To Prevent Sunburn.

Although a sunburn in the autumn season it is not too late to remember a remedy for preventing it. Sunburn is caused by the heat of the sun drawing the blood to the surface.

If you have a light complexion and have been exposed to the sun, wash your face and hands in cold water, and bathe with a solution of borax in water and apply cold cream.

Men as well as women should use this remedy, as it is equally effective for both sexes.

All in Black and White.

This style of dress will be a staple in black and white, says the New York Herald, for the winter. Black and white checks, black and white plaids, black and white herring-bone and basket cloths for the preliminary skirts, black and white striped flannels, trimmed frame of serpentine, the bron caught up four or five times by black bone rosettes and two black, aggressive looking bone buttons on the back of the basque. The sleeves are of black and white striped flannel, were tipped just the merest trifle, and with a fluffy ruffles and a gauzy, dotted veil the wearer can defy criticism, for she is tasted in the extreme of style.

Some black and white plaid goods are very fine and soft, and these will be made up with vests of white suede or silk to the straight coat creations of striped silk and satins on occasions with wide bands of fine fur, gray, brown, or black.

Even the tiny, crowless evening bonnets

CATARRHAL CONSUMPTION.

The Way It Begins and Ends.

There are several ways in which loss from colds is contracted. Never one of these colds pass till of that great multitude who die every year of consumption. Each cold begins with health and happiness and ends with disease and death. They each start with slight catarrh of head or throat and end in catarrh consumption. A cold and if not all, cases of consumption begin with catarrh.

Thousands have just started on one of th se colds, all of which could be easily cured by Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, but a way in the fatal end of one of these colds we are very sorry to say, is the end of the dream by Peruna; and yet other thousands have just started on the road to the same end, and are heedlessly going on, each day more probable by commencing Peruna or Hall's Catarrh Cure.

Send to The Peruna Drug Manufacturing Company, Columbus, O., for their book of their "Ills and Cures," which is sent free. Dr. Hartman, the famous specialist, has a complete treatise on catarrh and all diseases resulting from it.

Not So Much Change, After All.

As far as they have been revealed in the gowns of winter, your correspondent is pleased all to differ so very much from what we have been wearing and wearing for the last three months.

Bonnets, too, are early yet to pronounce upon, but the fashion of the hats and bonnets is more defined. The tendency is to be more and more flattering during the coming season, in the very becoming locks and ringlets and curls of the autumn brides say that the tendency is to be more flattering during the coming days.

Sleeves are seen pronounced "gigots" and "leg of mutton" shapes, and it is safe to suggest the necessity for the tourkman or black spencer, the skirt, and the bodice of the fullness is only in the top, however, as the sleeves are tight from the elbow to the wrist, forming a tight dress of either color.

Shoulder trimmings are not so flaring as in the summer, but are quite as fashionable, particularly for evening gowns, and the effect is very good. Some of the evening gowns are made of the richest satins and the folds and in quite distinct from the bertha, which is the shoulder trimming referred to, it is difficult to describe this trimming, which is a succession of folds of satin, to be worn to undervision.

Your correspondent cannot at the immediate moment recall any gown that will support this summer and that, hand rather and a light evening gown, but I am sure that there has never before been such complete preparation for the winter as there has been since this year.

Elephant and the Hats.

"I can tell you a story about Baker, in Wild Cat," said a traveling man, "which is a good example of sudden panic in an otherwise brave community. Baker is a town of large mule belonging to the government, and was the headquarters of a mule brigade, and was thoroughly stanch pro-slavery. The mules were kept in a large corral, and formed it made down on the floor, which was the best sticker elephant I have ever seen.

"One day we were driving a rocky hill for a target, and the elephant was in the rear of the column. Suddenly a lot of mules, with their herders, and, as the line of teamsters and wagons was strung out for a mile or more that jungle, which commanded an open space in the middle of the town, was in full. Only the face of the elephant was visible, and that was a long way off. Before the astonished people in the center of the town could run bushes, we were heavily noticeable to carry the mule brigade. Then the whole elephant thoroughly confronted the work in hand; and, as I said before, the people of the eastern camp scouted. Mosiah Bucket and his men and boys in the rear of the mules.

"Suddenly a face emerged about a hundred yards distant, which was followed by a well-assembled position. It rested all for a moment, and then it came on. The procession is run down the hill, and the mule brigade as it passed for the protection of the people. The mules, being also facetiously fagged with sudden terror as this harmless and lazy, and, as I said before, brave animal, ran like deer. The elephant, however, was unconscious for the moment the frightened people of Baker had started almost by a mouse."

Dear Editor:—Will you please put this in your paper? I have a cure for consumption, and I have used it in my practice for years, and even if the consumption is the hard and rasping sort, and has reached the last stages, with attacks and stricture from different quarters about the heart, and the lungs in ruins, and mass of tissue I find, but never could find a case that it would not relieve at once. I send it free to any sufferer who will write me, also I can secure an advertisement of it. F. Hill & Co., 37 Pine street, New York. Any employment at good wages to every one who will work for us. Either sex, young or old, can live at home and work in spare time, or all the time. Business new. We have found that the work was light and pleasant, and that any one can do it well from the first. Men are ill. Some days there are more than we can make, and some days we can't make one. For the year there is no steady employment for every one handled during a month, and it will average much more than that. Full particulars from home. I never expected to see the day when I could write for the press, but since my health was restored by your wonderful gaps, have dressed and lived first rate, and have saved enough to buy me a home and have dollars in the savings bank. I wish every one who is sick, or in poor health, could have a chance to make money fast would write us at once. Don't delay, for you can't do it if they do, then you will be sorry for all the time, or they can pick up enough money for us—it's easy to make money when the money and duties. If they take right hold they can make from $5 to $25 per day and upwards. They over did themselves in writing us. Be sure and tell your readers that the letter we write them will be worth a fortune to them to write, A. J. Hill & Co., Augusta, Maine.

"I wonder," said old Rev. Mann, as he watched the gang of political street-cleaners at work, "I wonder if they will ever get into the category of sweepers?"

Mrs. Y—Your former servant girl wants me to hire her. I understand and rebuked for drunkenness. Mrs. X—Well, I'll be her to you with your former servant girl. Mrs. Y—Thanks. I've brought me back my money.

Every Man Should Read This.

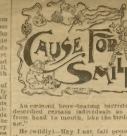
If any young, old or middle-aged man, suffering from premature decay, lack of energy or weakness from errors or excesses, will write me, I will send them, in a sealed envelope, a description of a simple remedy, free of cost, on learning, no exception. It is cheap, simple and sure. No C. O. D. swindle. I will send you the correct prescription and you can get it at your druggist's. Don't send money if you feel like it, but write me. Address, Mr. Thos. Masters, 206 bee st. Nashville, Mich.

The most wonderful flight on record was a flea that jumped a mile.

A Wonderful Discovery—Catarrh and Consumption Cured.

There is good news for our readers who are troubled with Lung Diseases, Catarrh, Bronchitis, and Consumption, in the wonderful cures made by Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Write to Dr. Sage, Buffalo, N. Y., for a free book on Nasal Catarrh. Sold by all druggists. Price, 50 cents. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is the only remedy for that trouble. Sage sat and all particulars of your case.

As evil is regarded as an embodiment of the devil because he knows how to keep it dark.



An eminent bone-boring barrister once described a country witness as one who came from land to match, like the birds in the air.

He (wistfully)—May I not fall prostrate to the feet of the goddess of my love? She (practically)—Yes, if you will wait till I get the carpet up.

Mrs. Grey, mother, please give me a little soap to wash with, and give me very short! Mother—Why, my child, what's the matter? Why? Boy—Cos I've got to take it up stairs.

A man was killed by a circular saw, and in his obituary notice it was stated that he was "a good citizen, an upright man, and an honest neighbor, and was also a member of several circular societies."

Humorous old Lady—I wish to leave all my property to Darling. Lawyer—Your relatives might contest the will. Why not leave the property to some one else? Lady—Oh, no; they'd put me in a female lunatic asylum.

Refined Passenger—May I ask whether you are aware, sir, that you have trodden on my left boot? Rude Passenger—Well, I'm not. Refined Passenger—Then I must request you to be more careful in future.

Before you forgotten something, artfully wanted a waiter suddenly as a guest was about to leave the room. "Waiter, I've been I have," and the guest took a half-crown piece from his pocket. "Yes, sir," said the waiter, "I'll remember you."

Young is a little girl whose ideas of orthography are somewhat hazy. She was asked: "Tell all ur made out of dust, mimma?" "Yes, mamma," she said. "You, papa," "Little babies, too?" "Yes." The child was right so far as it went, but "Dearies" of all hearts must be a fearful nasty place.

Mrs. Jones—Mr. Jones, your friend Harry Hardup called to see you while you were out. He signaled to me not to return, and all right, I'll not return.

Mrs. S.—"What a idle difference between us when we are married, Mr. Smith!" Mr. S.—"If you gain, it's an investment; if I gain, it's a speculation."

Scene—A Roman studio. "How do you like my head, dear?" "Yes, I think it quite decrease be raised the price of that Medici head you've been working at so long." "Decrease, do you mean?" "Increase, of course."

Mother—I trust that you are happy with your husband, Mrs. Jones? Mrs. Jones—as happy as one can expect to be with a man. Mother—What do you mean? Mrs. Jones—and on his first wife the other half."

Mrs. Jones—Have you ever tried squaring the circle? Bruce—I did not, but I tried to square the circle of wheedling some one.

Be—Why do you wear the ring of it is too small and hurts you? Sh—Yes, married for my wedding-ring, and helps me to remember.

Mr. Watts—I wonder if the young ever realize how much they owe to their parents? Mrs. Watts—I don't know. I'm sure I'm always being whalloon.

He (facetiously)—So you are going abroad? Do you expect to see anything new or bara? She (seriously)—It depends on what you mean by new. Of course Paris is a certain sum, you know.

Mr. Jones—Say, Mr. Ass, when I helped you years ago? and Downtrodden in Upstairs—Yes, sir, I remember perfectly well that you'd share your last penny with me. Mr. Jones—Well, and I want a loan of it.

The broad term—Is there no hope for me, Miss Edythe? I never hope to be chosen, never then I am now? said he. Miss Edythe—Yes, there is hope, but it is not among you take of your hand." And he went.

Mr. Jones—Now see here, Mrs. Jones, you've already one before. Read—Well, excuse me for living, but I am not the only one engaged. Mrs.—Oh, I didn't ask him about anything else. I only wanted to know how much it cost.

Life to the young man is earnest—he feels he ought to want to like he can.

Don't sit in a draught. If you do, the doctor in all probability will be the first to call on you.

Mother observed Bobbie at the shore, "the beach is dirty with sewerage, but we must not go in, must we mother?"

Mr. Sapp—I hope I'll not get a fool for a wife. Mrs. Sapp—I hope you won't get both before marriage.

"You may speak," said a fond mother, "but mother knows best." "Yes, mother, but when it comes to strength of don't you know, mother knows best, and she never knows."

Mrs. Bingley, how did the doctor succeed in treating up your husband? Mrs. Bingley—Oh, he gave him his bill, and I had it in three minutes.

"Say, old man, lend me five dollars!" "Can't do it, Jack." "Why not?" "Can't spare it." "Well, then, you can lend me five, can't you?"

Daughter—Mamma, what is a precursor? Mother—Why, precursor, Pauline, Pauline, is something or other, though, that never I can't remember.

The fool never has no idea that is too much for him to carry.

"Say I go out to your new?" "What, you mean, Mr. Jones, that you have been out to your new?"

Her—Why, love, I am asking part in a comic opera tonight. Do you think I have objection, love, only don't forget to keep your mouth shut when you're singing.

Proctor—But I would rather tellmy own wife what I think. I shall be glad to read with when I come home. Sophomore—Yes, but you have your reputation to consider.

Dudeleigh—You don't know what you are talking about, sir. I am a man of theology. Miss Kittle Proctor—You do, I guess, by degrees.

"What kind of pants are these, mister?" said a customer to a tailor. "Why, sir, they are the latest style, sir, and very fashionable, sir." "Sadly, I never saw any duds big enough to fit me."

Gus has helped the world some if he has only helped to laugh.

The audience would easily be glad to see some members give themselves away.

Women who sow attend church simply to show their duds are accomplishings.

Bibbs—I never heard of his doing anything so very bad. How did he come by the name of being such a hard citizen? Robbs —From his confidently reckoning upon the most likely.

Motherwife—You say that he's so poor, how do you know? Motherwife—Why, sure, he can't get a newspaper published anywhere but in the magazines!

THE STANDARD MEDICAL WORK FOR EVERY MAN. ONLY $1.

W. H. PARKER, M. D., 4 Bulfinch Street, Boston, Mass. THE MOST PROMINENT SPECIALIST IN AMERICA. Graduate Harvard Medical College, Fellow Boston Society Medical Improvement, Ex-Physician to Boston Dispensary, Ex-Surgeon Massachusetts Volunteers, Physician to Parker Free Dispensary, Physician Boston Lying-in Hospital, Physician Parker Medical Institute and Woman's Hospital. CURES GUARANTEED. CURES FREE. Consultation, personal or by letter, FREE. 20 pp. 32 illustrations pamphlet for sixty cents in stamps. Illustrated Book, 10 cents. Dr. Parker's works are the standard, have been pirated, well published, and have an immense sale. Beware of imitations. Dr. Parker's Medical Institute, 4 Bulfinch Street, Boston, Mass. CURE GUARANTEED. Age and experience invariably. Head Yourself.—Medical Review. Mention Chicago Ledger when writing to advertisers.

FREE TRIAL

Is the best Electric Belt ever made. Has all the latest improvements. Will cure Nervousness, Lost Vitality, Lame Back, Kidney Troubles, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Impotency, Sexual Debility, Varicocele, Premature Decay, Loss of Power, Nocturnal Emissions, Wasting Diseases, Drains, Losses, Pains, Aches, and all diseases of the Sexual Organs. Will develop and strengthen any weak part of the body. Will give you health, strength and vigor. Will last for years. Will be sent on 30 days' trial. CASH BUYERS ONLY. Write for free book. Address, ELECTRIC BELT CO., 185-187 W. Van Buren St., Dept. 107, Chicago, Ill.

Mention Chicago Ledger when writing to advertisers.

AGENTS WANTED PAGE 7.

BABY Bath the Combined and Mrs. Cleveland, only Baby Portrait ever made. Address, 10 cents. Mention Chicago Ledger when writing to advertisers.

CARDS FOR 1894. Mention Chicago Ledger when writing to advertisers.

OPIUM Mention Chicago Ledger when writing to advertisers.

Necessities of Camp Life.

"A Yankee's reply to the blame of a planter justly described by Cuming. They were a party of Kentuckians encamped on the sands and pines to begin living. "Gentlemen," said the planter, "you have not even the place to lay a thing down or hang it upon." "Stranger," said one of the party, "we are the place to lay a thing down or hang it upon."

The College of the Light Brigade.

STAMMERING cured; we guide a total stammerer within two weeks' time; a specialty of lisping; write for book of 125 pp. and testimonials. Mention Chicago Ledger when writing to advertisers.

FAMILY SYRINGES, a necessity in Family Sickness. Mailed, Postpaid, $1.00. Catalogue free. Agents Wanted. Hygienic Supply Co., 34 Randolph St., A. C. Davis & Co., 19 Wabash Av., Chicago. Mention Chicago Ledger when writing to advertisers.

YOUR NAME on 40 WORLD'S FAIR CARDS

Mention Chicago Ledger when writing to advertisers.

RUPTURE A positive method of cure. Pamphlet free. Address, Dr. W. S. Rice, 204 Lakeside Building, Chicago. Mention Chicago Ledger when writing to advertisers.

RHEUMATISM. Mention Chicago Ledger when writing to advertisers.

WILCOX COMPOUND ANSYO PILLS

Unequaled for Diseases of the Kidneys, Liver and Urinary Organs. Prepared only by Wilcox Medicine Co., Chicago. Sold by Druggists. Mention Chicago Ledger when writing to advertisers.

600 CHOICE WORDS AND MUSIC

Big Dan Rice, 15 Cts. Mention Chicago Ledger when writing to advertisers.

PENNYROYAL PILLS

Mention Chicago Ledger when writing to advertisers.

Silk Remnants Free.

Mention Chicago Ledger when writing to advertisers.

FREE! UNCLE TOM'S CABIN!

Mention Chicago Ledger when writing to advertisers.

MAGIC LANTERNS AND STEREOPTICONS

PAY WELL. Mention Chicago Ledger when writing to advertisers.

FREE CRAYON PORTRAITS AND FRAMES

Mention Chicago Ledger when writing to advertisers.

WINTER BLOOMING BULBS FREE!

Mention Chicago Ledger when writing to advertisers.

AGENTS WANTED PAGE 7.

Mention Chicago Ledger when writing to advertisers.

Complexion Preserved. VIOLA CREAM

G. C. BITTNER & CO., TOLEDO, O. Mention Chicago Ledger when writing to advertisers.

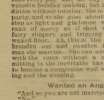
CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED.

To the Editor:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post office address. Respectfully, T. A. Slocum, M. C., 181 Pearl St., New York.

Mention Chicago Ledger when writing to advertisers.

HAND BOOK For The Married. Two Copy Free. Address, Dr. Foote, 1008 Broadway, N. Y.

Mention Chicago Ledger when writing to advertisers.



Made in felt of various colors, in a modified shape, and trimmed round the crown with two narrow ruches of velvet. At one side there is a trimming composed of large bows of velvet and a cock feather aigrette.

A circular fascine hat with tan felt on the outer side, lined underneath with brown velvet, and next about in the most recent style. The crown is of the same material with long black ostrich feathers, trimmed with tan color, black satin rosettes and jet ornaments.

The "Duchess of York," is a small Gainsborough shape in full of various colors, which is neat becomingly trimmed with cutaway tips and rosettes of satin ribbon.

Sweet Violets.

BY LAURA M. FORD.

Sweet violets! Violets purple and blue,
Emblems of constant love, tender and true,
I'll kiss you and send you to one loved so well;
What thoughts you awaken I leave you to tell.
Your bright hue may fade and your beauty decay,
But your sweetness will linger when no longer gay,
Thus my love, like your fragrance, shall live on for aye,
Tho' the form now so cherished may wither and die.

Youth's fire, now so glowing, may smoulder with years
Of sorrow and trial, vain yearnings and tears,
Yet whatever changes upon my heart cast,
Its sweet burden of love, ah, ever must last,
Like you, violets sweet, recognized is your name,
Howe'er changed be your form—you still are the same;
For your sweetness will linger, yes, change as you will,
And my dear one will love you and cherish you still.

Fade, fade as you must, you still shall be fair,
So go to my darling, love's message to bear;
That, as time passes on, each year only shall prove
The constancy deep of this heart's fervent love.
Sweet violets! Violets, I love your name,
For you, like true love, are ever the same,
Sweet and enduring, tender and true,
So go to my dear one, love's bidding to do.

DICK DARRELL;

Or,

The Depths of a Woman's Love.

By ELLA MARTIN.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Ivy Ray a girl who has been brought up in a refined home by the loss of her parents is left to the care of relatives in a wild western mining town where her Cousin Tim Grant, woos her for his bride, though she dislikes him. An accident brings Edward Stacy to the house. He is thrown from his horse and Ivy becomes his nurse, falls in love and elopes with him. They are married by a country parson at midnight. Then he takes her to a cave and leaves her in charge of Lola Montigue, who treats her with scant courtesy, and shows her enmity.

When the Grants discover that Ivy has eloped they are filled with rage, and their son, Tim, threatens to kill Stacy when he finds him, and with that object will join Darrell's outlaws. Lola Montigue explains why she hates Ivy and the latter makes the acquaintance of old Montigue. At midnight Lola shows her rival the robbers in session with Stacy, who is Dick Darrell himself, as their chief. At that moment Tim Grant enters the cave and announces his intention of joining the gang with the object of killing Stacy. Lola tries to persuade Ivy to desert her husband.

Having led her back to her chamber in the outlaw's cave, Lola is preparing to take her out when suddenly Ivy falls into a deadly faint and Lola is thwarted in her plans. She leaves her rival and Stacy enters. He finds a note on the floor warning him that his identity is known to Tim Grant who seeks his life and advises him to fly. Presently Ivy revives, and hand in hand they leave the outlaw's cave. Lola comes in soon after, finds her bird has flown, and hastens to inform Tim Grant.

CHAPTER VIII.
TIM'S RUSE.

Tim Grant was not a brave man.

He always did a great deal of boasting, but real courage was wanting in his composition.

He had managed to keep up a semblance of fearlessness after he entered the outlaws' cave, but after the novelty of the thing had worn off somewhat he began to wish himself well out of it.

He saw that he was not looked upon with favor by his new mates, and even the man who had brought him there laughed a good deal when he heard his threats against Ned Stacy. In fact, they had all laughed a good deal to themselves ever since their chief had drunk to his success.

He had been brought to the cave blindfolded, and knew he could never find his way out.

He had run across one of the Darrell band, as he knew he should, if he got deep enough into the mountains, and had been held up by him; then he had persuaded the man to let him see Dick Darrell and apply for membership.

And now he was here, and how was he ever to get out of it?

It was evident to him that these men had not accepted him as a member, despite what had happened in the assembly room.

He had been removed after his success had been drunk and some refreshments served to him.

When he went back he found that the chief had retired and the men were huddled in one corner smoking, and conversing in low tones.

They were talking about him, perhaps sizing him up, but they did not ask him to join them, so he wandered about, feeling himself alone and unnoticed.

He sat down in the chief's chair, but at that very moment he wished himself safe at home with his doting parents. The men laughed, and he heard one of them say:

"He's fancying how he'd look as chief of this band."

"Perhaps he thinks he'll be chosen chief," said another.

"A husky chief he'd make," put in a third.

Tim, heartily sick of the whole thing, strolled with what unconcern he could assume, to the door.

He started back a little as he saw Lola in the corridor outside, a lighted candle in her hand.

She motioned him to be silent, and also to follow her.

"You are the new member?" she said, pausing when they stood in one of the deserted chambers.

"I am," he said proudly.

Perhaps he could prepossess this woman in his favor; women loved bravery, she should be made to understand how daring he was.

"You want revenge on Edward Stacy?" was her next query.

"That is what I am here for," and Tim tried his best to look important.

"Then you shall have it," she cried, "I will help you!"

"Thank you, lady, but I don't need help. Just let me once get my eyes on him and he'll be buzzard meat quicker'n you can say 'Jack Robinson.'"

"Without my help you will never get your eyes on him," she answered a little stiffly.

"No fear of that, lady, I mean to spend my life looking for him, and when once I find him—"

"Don't be a fool," she interrupted in disgust. "You don't need to spend your life in the search if you will accept my help."

"How can you help me?"

"An hour ago I could have told you where he was, now I can help you to find him."

"Was he here, in this place?" cried Tim. "What could Ned Stacy have been doing in an outlaw's den? Oh, if I had but known it!"

A laugh of derision broke from Lola's lips.

"Much good would it have done you had you known it," she said.

"Listen," she added quickly, "you saw him not two hours ago, you heard him speak and he drank to your success when you swore vengeance upon him."

He began to see a little clearer, he was not looked upon with favor by his new "pals" because he had sworn vengeance on one of their number.

His pale eyes opened wide with horror at the thought of Ned Stacy being among these men. He must have been in disguise, otherwise he would have recognized him.

He felt a little shaky at the thought of it, but he was not prepared for the thunderbolt that Lola hurled at him ere he had recovered from his first surprise.

"Ned Stacy, the man whose life you seek, is none other than Dick Darrell himself," she said, impressively.

Tim Grant stared at her aghast.

He remembered now the queer looks of the men, and the peculiar smile of the outlaw chief when he drank to the death of Edward Stacy.

He understood it all now, they had been making game of him from the beginning.

He could never look one of them in the face again, and perhaps his life was not safe in the place.

His one desire was to get away as quickly as possible, so when Lola proposed to follow Ned and his bride, he caught at the bait her words held out to him.

"Yes, we will follow them, we will not be cheated of our revenge," he said as savagely as he could, when she told him her plan of vengeance.

He followed Lola Montigue until they were outside the cave, thence to the stables, and a little later the two rode away together, Lola muttering to herself that she would not be cheated of her revenge, she hated them both now because they loved each other.

Tim now breathed freer, he was outside the cave and might escape with Lola's help.

As for his score with Ned Stacy, that could be postponed indefinitely; he was not going to meddle with Dick Darrell.

The early gray of morning was come, but neither feared pursuit, for the men had all been up late and would now be sleeping.

"They will ride toward the nearest railroad station," Lola said.

Tim was not interested, although he made some fitting reply.

Once let him strike familiar ground and Lola might continue her pursuit of Dick Darrell and his bride alone.

So when he thought he could dispense with her guidance, he coolly told her so.

"What mean you?" she cried, wrathfully. "Do you intend to draw back now?"

"Not exactly that," Tim replied. "I have never had any intention of following Dick Darrell. Ned Stacy is the man I swore vengeance on; but since they are one, why, let him have Ivy; I don't want any truck with him."

Lola's eyes flashed dangerously.

"Then it was simply a ruse to get me to lead you out of the outlaw's den?"

"Well, I'll have to confess it was, but I'm not a horse-thief," and Tim dismounted and threw the reins to Lola.

"You contemptible coward!" she flashed, "I don't wonder your cousin preferred an outlaw to you!"

"And I prefer my life to my cousin," he retorted.

"Do you imagine I will allow you to desert me like this?" she demanded angrily. "I don't fancy being made a dupe of by a man of your calibre."

"Sorry to deceive a lady," said he, with an awkward attempt at a bow, and he turned to put a little more distance between himself and the outlaws' den.

"You are the New Member?"

He was not afraid of a woman, if he did object to meeting Dick Darrell; she should see that.

But in a second Lola Montigue had him covered with her revolver.

"Not so fast!" she cried, her black eyes blazing, "face about here, you coward!"

"There," as he obeyed, "don't stir from your tracks unless you want to drop!"

White as a sheet Tim Grant stood and stared into the flashing eyes of the outlaw's daughter.

He tried to speak, but no words would pass his stiff, colorless lips.

A low scornful laugh burst from Lola's lips, and she lowered her weapon.

"You pitiful coward!" cried she, contemptuously. "You are a brave one to join Dick Darrell's band! You quake before a woman! I ought to shoot you down like a dog, but 'twould be too bad to rob the world of such a fine specimen of cowardice.

"Go home to your mother and tell her to watch over you better in the future. And say a prayer, if you know one, for that dainty cousin of yours! Go! I have no bullets to waste on you!"

Tim did not wait to be told again, but dashed away without one backward glance.

A moment later Lola tore past him.

She, a woman, was going forth alone, and unaided, to hunt down the notorious Dick Darrell.

CHAPTER IX.
A SERPENT IN EDEN.

In one of the poorer quarters of the great city of London Edward Stacy and his wife occupied a couple of furnished rooms in a fourth-class lodging house.

Scarcely a year had gone by since he had fled with his bride from the outlaw's cave in far-away California, in obedience to that note of warning, written by an unknown hand.

He had relinquished his thrown, his position as king of an outlaw band, for one woman's sake, and was striving now to earn a livelihood for himself and her by honest toil.

At first he had been a private secretary. But having considerable talent as an artist he had turned his attention to that and was now earning a living with his brush.

Some day he hoped to be famous for Ivy's sake; for with fame would come fortune, he reasoned, and then he should be able to give her the luxuries she had been accustomed to in her earlier days.

His main desire was that she should never repent of having married him. She would grow weary of this poverty, he feared, and so he never thought of himself, but worked early and late with the one hope, the one aim, to buoy him up.

The two small rooms were scantily furnished, but Ivy kept them looking as bright and cheerful as possible, and this home seemed an Eden to Ned.

His wife always looked bright, there were no signs of sadness on her face, and so long as she was happy he could not fail to be. And never a day passed that he did not bring her a book, a flower, or some trifle to brighten the lonely hours of his absence.

Ivy, in turn, did everything possible to make the dull work-a-day life a bearable one to Ned.

She wanted to encourage him, in every way she could, to lead an upright, honorable life. And in so doing they were so happy and contented that they couldn't have told their home from an Eden, had not a serpent entered it in the form of Lola Montigue.

It was one day while Ivy was alone that she came; she entered the room unannounced and stood before our heroine, dark, beautiful and menacing.

Her jetty eyes were glowing with triumph, her red lips were curled with scorn. She stood tall, dark, erect, like some evil spirit from the darkness of the lower world.

Ivy looked up in dismay and beheld her enemy regarding her with cruel, pitiless eyes.

The poor girl gave one gasp of consternation. For what evil purpose had this cruel, relentless woman sought her out?

It could have been no easy task to find them, and that she had done so warned Ivy that she might expect no quarter from her.

But what harm could she work, after all? They were beyond the reach of Tim's vengeance; besides she did not fear her cousin now that they were no longer among the outlaws.

But, oh! (and her heart grew sick with dread at the very thought), what if she had come to inform Ned that she, (Ivy), knew of his identity with Dick Darrell!

These and other thoughts flashed through her brain with lightning rapidity, but they were far short of the truth.

Lola had not come merely to wreck Ned's happiness by telling him that his wife knew his secret. And she knew Ivy could have no conception of her real intentions; so, as a cat would torture a mouse before killing it, so she tortured her.

"You see I have found you," she said, coolly, and a slow smile of triumph distorted her curved mouth.

Ivy's courage rose at the thought of the insult this intrusion was to her, and rising from the seat she had occupied ever since her enemy entered, she drew herself up and looked the intruder dauntlessly in the eyes.

"Why have you forced yourself upon me in this insulting manner?" she asked, with dignity.

A low laugh broke from Lola's lips.

"Grand airs, again," she said; "you tried them on me once before; you, a simple American girl and I a descendant of a king!"

"Yes, I am American," Ivy answered, proudly, "and were you a king instead of being merely a descendant of one, I should still hold myself your superior."

"But not in cleverness," replied Lola, unabashed. "Before I am through with you, you will have to acknowledge that in cleverness you are my inferior. You were very clever once, the time you fainted or pretended to, you remember. You duped even me. I admired your pluck, but I have not forgiven you for the trick. And I shall have my revenge. Did you think to outwit me? You do not know me if you think I would allow it."

"For what purpose are you here? I would know at once."

"You shall know all in good time. Sit down, and don't attempt to use airs with me; it doesn't pay."

"Now, tell me are you happy?"

"Yes," Ivy answered readily, "I am happy when I do not think of the past. You took care that my happiness should not be unalloyed."

"You, an outlaw's wife, are happy!" repeated Lola Montigue, wonderingly. "Truly, you are blest beyond the generality of outlaw's wives."

"I am not an outlaw's wife; how dare you speak to me like that?"

"Don't ask me how I dare; remember I am an outlaw's daughter, (you see I do not deny it) and I dare do anything."

"I am glad you are happy, I shall have a better chance for revenge."

"What do you mean?" asked Ivy, her courage failing her. "Tell me at once. You are torturing me."

"I mean to torture you; that is why I am glad you are happy; for now I can spoil your bliss. You ruined my happiness, and all I want is an eye for an eye. That is fair."

"I did not mean to ruin your happiness," Ivy said softly, pity for this woman again welling up within her. "Why can you not forgive me? I am sorry for you if you love Ned and—"

"I do not want your pity!" Lola quickly responded, an insane light burning in her dusky eyes. "Pity from you is an insult to me! I hate you both, now; all I want is revenge!"

"In what way will you take it? You can not help us loving each other."

"I will tell you when I have tortured you enough."

"What more would you have? The very sight of you is torture to me; it reminds me so forcibly of that terrible night."

"You have had your revenge! You have wrung my heart as never woman's heart was wrung before. I have suffered more from the knowledge you forced upon me that night than you could from an unrequitted love in a lifetime. In mercy's name go and leave me!"

"Leave you to Ned and love and happiness! did you leave me that night when I demanded it of you? He would have turned to me had you done so, now it is too late! I can only have revenge!"

"Do you intend to tell Ned that I know the truth concerning him?"

"Oh, I implore you not to do that! He has repented, reformed, and it would discourage him. Anything but that Lola, anything but that! See I am kneeling at your feet! Let me plead for him!"

"There is where I want you—at my feet. And I am going to grant your prayer. I could not tell Ned of your knowledge without betraying the part I had in it. That is not what I hunted you down for. I have been nearly a year in finding you—and you shall not escape me again."

"In pity's name, tell me what you are going to do?"

"I am going to part you from Ned!"

The words fell like molten lead on Ivy's burning brain, and a horror as of death settled on her heart. But she cried, bravely, desperately.

"You cannot do it!"

"Cannot I? Dick Darrell is wanted in America for more than one daring robbery."

"I can brand him to the world as an outlaw chief; that means many years of imprisonment for him, years of torture and disgrace for you, and a glorious revenge for me."

For a moment Ivy turned faint with despair; she could have pleaded for her husband, but that would have been utterly useless; she must battle for him. So she threw back her head, her great, dark eyes ablaze.

"Dare to do it!" she cried, "and I will retaliate. Your father was an outlaw, was once chief of that very band. He shall share the same fate."

A gesture from Lola stopped her. "First catch your hare, then cook him," she sneered. "My father is dead for ought you know to the contrary. At any rate, he will never be found."

"Will nothing turn you from your purpose?" moaned Ivy. "You loved him once, can you not spare him by the memory of that love?"

"On one condition will I spare him!" Ivy sprang to her feet. "Name it!" she cried wildly, "name it! There is nothing that I would not do for Ned's sake!"

"I give you the same chance I gave you that night nearly a year ago. Leave him and he shall go free. You profess to love him, let me see you make some sacrifice for his sake."

"Ah, you hesitate! Is that the depth of your love?"

"What do you hope to gain by parting us?"

"Revenge!" hissed her enemy and rival.

"Oh! you are cruel, cruel!" moaned Ivy helplessly.

"I am not Carl Montigue's daughter for nothing. Like him, I am as relentless as Fate, itself. My vengence *shall* be appeased," replied Lola Montigue, pitilessly.

There was silence for a space, silence in the poorly furnished apartment where Ivy had been so happy, and which was now the scene of her utter dispair.

"Well," said Lola, then, "have you decided? Will you go with me and leave Ned free, or will you refuse and work his utter ruin?

"Choose now, once and forever."

"I will go," said Ivy in a hollow tone, "there is no alternative."

"Good-by, Ned!" she whispered, as she mechanically followed Lola from her Eden. "It is for your sake I go, darling! Good-by forevermore!"

CHAPTER X.
IVY A PRISONER.

It was late in the afternoon when Ivy followed her sworn enemy from her home; and the shadows of night had fallen ere Lola paused and motioned Ivy to follow her up the steps of a private house situated in a different part of the city.

The two had not exchanged a word during their long walk, and when they entered one of the upper rooms, Ivy sank spiritless into the nearest chair, and looked up at her rival with appealing eyes.

"What are you going to do with me, Lola? What will become of me?" she asked, in a weak voice.

"We will decide all that on the morrow," Lola answered, shortly, and quitted the room, locking the door behind her.

Ivy found herself a prisoner in her enemy's house!

But what mattered it? She did not seem to care. Why should she care? She was parted from Ned forever, what mattered the rest?

Ned would think she had deserted him willingly; he would turn against her, and perhaps go back to the old life.

Her heart grew chilled and numb, she seemed incapable of acute suffering, but sat there like one unconscious, while the weary night hours dragged themselves away.

Ned, returning to his home, found Ivy missing, with not a line left behind her to tell why and wherefore she had gone.

At first he was mystified; then the thought came to him that she had wearied of the dull life they were forced to lead because of poverty, and left him.

What more could he expect? he asked himself.

He had feared it would come to this, and yet, why should it? Other women endured poverty for love's sake. But then other women were not like Ivy, so beautiful and clever; besides every woman was not reared as Ivy had been, and some of them did not mind poverty.

Perhaps she had married him to escape the dull life she was forced to lead at the Grant's cabin, and had found it no better with him.

This was the only reason for her desertion his tortured brain could conjecture.

One thing, at least, was clear to him; she had gone without one little word of farewell to him, and he had loved her so, had tried so hard to make her happy! But her love had died during the long weary days of his absence.

Poor Ivy! he should not have expected so much of her. He had done her a great wrong in making her his wife. He had known it at the time, but had felt he could not give her up.

And now she had gone!

It did not occur to him to search for her. He supposed she had gone of her own free will, and there it ended.

He walked restlessly from one room to another, wondering how he could endure it, and what he should do with his life.

Toward morning he threw himself, all dressed as he was, on the hard lounge, and after a time fell into a fitful slumber.

He awoke with a dull, heavy headache, and went down to his breakfast. His landlady looked at him keenly, but asked him no questions. Perhaps she read the depth of his despair in his face, and forebore to question him about Ivy.

He went back to the two poor rooms which he had called home, and waited.

Perhaps she would repent and return to him.

She would find London like a cold wilderness, what could she do alone in that great city? He would remain at home and wait for her. It would be a day lost from his work, but if Ivy did not return to him it would not matter; it was for her he worked. As for himself he could starve.

The day passed, but Ivy did not come. She would not come now, he realized that. He must go back to his work. He must work harder than ever now—work to keep from thinking, to win fame and fortune, so that he could find her and win her back to him.

Poor, faithful, loving Ned! No wonder Ivy could scarcely realize that he had once been Dick Darrell an outlaw chief.

(To be continued next week.)

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY,

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

{ SEAL } A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

There are reasons for believing a person never feels smaller than when covered by a revolver.

A New Cure for Asthma.

Medical science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma in the Kola plant, found on the Congo river, West Africa. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, are sending out large trial cases of the Kola Compound free to all sufferers from asthma. Send your name and address on postal card, and they will send you a trial case by mail free.

Autumnal Dreams.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

When the maple turns to crimson
 And the sassafras to gold,
When the gentian's in the meadow
 And the aster's on the wold;
When the moon is lapped in vapor
 And the night is frosty cold;

When the chestnut burrs are opened
 And the acorns drop like hail,
And the drowsy air is startled
 With the thumping of the flail
With the drumming of the partridge
 And the whistle of the quail,

Through the rustling woods I wander,
 Through the jewels of the year,
From the yellow uplands calling,
 Seeking her that still is dear;
She is near me in the Autumn,
 She, the beautiful' is near.

THE HEN'S MEMORY.

In a recent issue of the New York Sun is a communication from Hammondsport relating an amusing story of a hen with a memory.

Linn Masson's unforgetful old hen is dead, and there is great mourning around the Masson vineyards. The hen was prized not more for the great age she had reached for a hen than for her marvellous memory. Ten years ago she was "set" for the first time, and on duck eggs. She hatched a nice brood, of which she was exceedingly proud. The Masson farm and vineyards are in the town of Pulteney, overlooking Lake Keuka. When the ducklings were a few days old the young hen mother wandered with them toward the lake. The ducklings no sooner came in sight of the water than they toddled toward it, unmindful of the calls of their mother or her great distress and agitation.

They plunged into the water and went at once to the full enjoyment of their natural element. The hen ran up and down along the shore, calling frantically to her brood, and manifesting her distress in many ways. But the ducklings paid no attention to her and sported their fluffy little selves about in the water. By and by, seeing that no harm came to her tender brood from their contact with the (to her) dangerous water, the hen quieted down, and it was not long before she seemed to be enjoying the antics of the ducklings in the lake as much as they were themselves.

She watched them intently, occasionally uttering low and contented clucks, until at last the ducklings were satisfied with their sport and came out and rejoined their guardian, who led them back again. Every day after that the hen took her brood to the lake bright and early, and stood by and watched them sporting in the water with as plain evidence of enjoyment of the scene as notions could give. She continued to take daily pleasure in watching the young ducks in the lake until they grew out of her care, and even then she occasionally strolled down to the water and watched them for an hour or so as they swam and dived.

The next spring the hen was set on eggs of her own kind and hatched a fine brood of chicks. The first thing she did when she got around with her new family was to lead it down to the lake. She seemed to be surprised when they showed no inclination to enter the water, and tried all of her henly powers of persuasion on them to induce them to go in. Failing in that, she presently picked up one of the chicks in her bill and dropped the plaintively protesting little thing into the lake. She stood and watched the struggle of the chick until it drowned. This seemed to amaze the hen, but she [illegible]

Every year after that the hen had hatched a brood of chickens until this year, and every one of them she had taken to the lake as soon as she could get there with them and tried to induce them to enter the water, and failing every time, exhibited the same range and made the same effort to force them in. The recollection of that first brood of ducklings seemed to be a sweet one to her, and her disappointment over failing to have it realized again, from what she evidently supposed was contrariness on the part of her subsequent broods, seemed to be so great that her rage always overcame her maternal love. So she had to be watched so that her chicks might be rescued in time. It would seem that a hen that could recollect so well should have been able to discover the difference between ducks and chickens, but she never did.

Last spring the hen, grown old and somewhat infirm, did not show her customary inclination to set, and she was regarded as a worthy pensioner, and had the run of the place. Late in the summer, though, to everybody's surprise, she was seized with all the symptoms of the setting hen, and would not be put off. It happened that there was half a dozen duck eggs in the house, and the contrary old hen was set to hatch them. She did in due course, and promptly marched with the brood to the lake, as had been her wont for nine years. The ducklings, of course, plumped into the water without a moment's hesitation. The old hen's delight at this is said to have been indescribable. What she had been pining for for years had come to pass, and she was simply overjoyed. In fact, the joy was too much for her, it is supposed, for she died soon after returning from the lake with her brood. She had waited long, and died happy.

Brown's Grape Acid.

The juice of grapes when treated by a certain chemical process, forms pure transparent crystals of grape acid. These crystals when pulverized make a snow-white powder which is easily dissolved in water, and can be taken into the stomach, acting at once, and immediately relieving indigestion, billiousness, sour stomach, flatulency sick headache, dyspepsia, etc. Nothing is known to medical science that equals fruit for toning up the stomach and giving a good appetite. It is not the fruit that does the work but the fruit acid.

A reward of $500 will be paid anyone if any injurious or harmful drugs are found in Brown's grape acid.

In order to show our faith in this wonderful discovery we will send to any address, postpaid, a free trial package for ten cents to pay cost of packing and postage. Persons with poor appetites or stomach disorders of any kind should never be without this remedy. Address Brown Chemical Co., 34 Calhoun Place, Chicago, Ill.

Marriage is a lottery, but we have not heard that love letters are denied the privilege of the mails.

FREE TO INVALID LADIES.

A lady who suffered for years with uterine troubles, displacements, leucorrhea and other irregularities, finally found a safe and simple home treatment that completely cured her without the aid of medical attendance. She will send it free with full instructions how to use it to any suffering woman who will send her name and address to Mrs. D. L. Orme, South Bend, Ind.

Is a fellow's girl apt to sour on him if he is assiduous in his attentions?

What Stronger Proof

Is needed of the merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla than the hundreds of letters continually coming in telling of marvellous cures it has effected after all other remedies had failed?

HOOD'S PILLS cure Constipation.

We never knew a person to eat ordinary lumber, but we have known them to dine on shipboard.

Are You Hard of Hearing or Deaf?

Call or send stamp for full particulars how to restore your hearing, by one who was deaf for thirty years. John Garmore, Room 35, Hammond Bldg, Fourth and Vine, Cincinnati, O.

An angel couldn't be as good as a man in love declares he will be when he is married.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

Deaf and Dumb Language.

In ordinary life it is not to be expected, however occasionally desirable, that expression should supersede speech; but there have been exceptional cases, writes Mr. James Payn, where the substitution of pantomime for language even at home has been found exceedingly advantageous.

A young lady who had a deaf-and-dumb brother taught her lover the sign language, which it is possible also came in useful on their own account. At a reasonable interval after marriage, the husband got leave to go out one night to the club.

When she had wished him "Good night" and retired to her chamber, it was not the solitude that the wife expected to find it, for a man stepped out from the window-curtain, pistol in hand, and observed, I want your jewels and anything else valuable that comes handy."

As she was collecting them with trembling fingers and transferring them to his custody, she heard a latch-key in the front-door—a noise which also reached the ears of the robber. "That is your husband! Swear to me that you will not speak to him of my presence, or I will blow your brains out!"

She swore—that is, she promised by all that she held sacred—not to say one word about it. He vanished behind the curtain, and her good man entered hurriedly.

"I have left my purse somewhere," he said, "and had to come back for it." They sought everywhere for the purse—which was in the robber's pocket—and, suggestion after suggestion had been exhausted.

"I must trouble you, my dear," said the husband to come down to the drawing-room and help me look for it." When he returned it was with a couple of policemen besides the butler—he stood outside; he said his duty was to "wait."

The robber was very angry with the lady for having, as he thought, broken her promise. But she had done nothing of the sort. She had never said one word about him, but only talked with her fingers. "There's a man behind the window-curtain, my dear, with a pistol; you must find some excuse for getting me out of the room."

Up to that time she had always regretted that her dear little brother was deaf-and-dumb; but henceforth she recognized how everything happens for the best.

A Chinese Wedding Story.

An amusing story concerning the adventures of a Chinese bride is told in the *Hupao*, a native paper. In China, it seems, a bride usually rides in a richly-embroidered red satin chair decorated with flowers, hired for the occasion. Lately, in Canton city, a man hired a chair to carry the bride to his homestead in the suburbs. The distance was great and the hour was late.

When the four chair-coolies and the lantern-bearers arrived at their destination, the chair containing the bride was deposited outside the doorway, to await the auspicious hour selected for opening the door to admit the bride, and the crowd adjourned to an opium-den to pass an hour. The chair-bearers fell asleep, and how long they dozed they knew not; but on awakening they returned, and found the bridal chair still outside the doorway. They came to the natural conclusion that the bride had entered the household, and that the chair was left for them to take back to the city. Accordingly they hurried home with it, put it in the loft, and went to bed.

In the meantime the bridegroom heard the bridal-party arrive, but had to await the stroke of midnight before welcoming the bride. At last the candles were lit, incense sticks were ignited, the new rice and viands for entertaining the bride were served, the parents-in-law put on their best suits, and so did the bridegroom, and, with much pomp and ceremony, the door was thrown wide open. But there was not a trace of the bridal chair, bride, or a single person to be seen. Great was their consternation; and it became greater still when they concluded that bandits must have kidnaped the bride and held her for ransom.

The police were informed and searching parties sent out in every direction. The bridegroom, though distracted, had sense enough to rush to the city and make inquiries of the chair-bearers. The coolies were dumfounded and explained what they had done. Together they climed to the loft, opened the door of the chair, and found the demure-looking bride, long imprisoned and half starved, but still appearing to her best advantage in her beautiful bridal gown.

The bride appeared to have known that she was carried forth and back, but could not protest, because it is the custom for brides not to open their mouths till the marriage ceremony is performed. Hence all the trouble.

Peacock's Eggs.

Some little time before his death Barnum sent for his lawyer, and said, "There is another thing I want to consult you about. My neighbor keeps peacocks. Now suppose some of them should fly over into my yard—which they are frequently doing—and lay some eggs there; would those eggs belong to me, or could my neighbor compel me to give them up?"

The man of law, after humming and ha-ing, answered:

"Well, Mr. Barnum, I must take time to look into the matter. The best thing for you to do in the meanwhile will be to keep the eggs, and let your neighbor sue for their possession. In that way your rights would be determined, and we should have a very valuable test case."

"Yes," said Barnum—"I'm very much obliged to you—I am sure that is good advice; and, by-the-way, while you are looking into the matter, will you find out how it would be if the eggs were laid by peahens?"

The lawyer muttered softly to himself, but never made any investigation.

If you wish to get married send your address to the American Corresponding Club, Clarksburg, W. Va.

The clocks on ladies' hosiery have the appearance of being fast.

Woman's Work.

If you wish to engage in a paying business address with 2c. stamp, Dr. J. B. Marchisi Co., Utica, N. Y.

GUITAR self taught, without notes, 50 cts. BANJO, $1. Circular and cat. of instruments free. A. PARKE, 234 La Salle St. Chicago.
Mention Chicago Ledger when writing to advertisers.

14 KARAT GOLD PLATE
CUT THIS OUT and send it to us with your name and address and we will send you this watch by express for examination. A Guarantee for 5 Years and chain & charm sent with it. You examine it and if you think it a bargain pay our sample price, $2.50, and it is yours. It is beautifully engraved and warranted the best time-keeper in the World for the money and equal in appearance to a genuine Solid Gold Watch. Write to-day, this offer will not appear again.
THE NATIONAL MFG. AND IMPORTING CO. 334 Dearborn St. Chicago, Ill.
Mention Chicago Ledger when writing to advertisers.

AGENTS WANTED!
400 [illegible]
Mention Chicago Ledger when writing to advertisers.
$300 [illegible]
Mention Chicago Ledger when writing to advertisers.
$4.00 Per 1,000 [illegible]
Mention Chicago Ledger when writing to advertisers.
FREE Sample Book of NEW CARDS 500 [illegible]
Mention Chicago Ledger when writing to advertisers.
$5.00 Per 1000 [illegible]
Mention Chicago Ledger when writing to advertisers.
LADY AGENTS if you want the BEST MONEY MAKER [illegible] Electric Corsets and Waists. [illegible] WESTERN CORSET COMPANY, ST. LOUIS, MO.
[illegible] when writing to advertisers.
[illegible] advertisers.

AGENTS WANTED!
My ELECTRIC BELT Sent on Trial FREE Give Size. Dr. Judd, Detroit, Mich. Want Agts.
Mention Chicago Ledger when writing to advertisers.
WANTED, Ladies to write at home. Enclose stamped envelope. BERTHA BENZ, Sec., South Bend, Ind.
Mention Chicago Ledger when writing to advertisers.
$9 A DAY. 30 fast selling specialties. Big profits to agents. Everybody buys. Bicycles, etc. Write quick. Box 609, Holly, Mich.
Mention Chicago Ledger when writing to advertisers.
WANTED Men to travel. We pay $50 to $100 a month and expenses. Stone & Wellington, Madison, Wis.
Mention Chicago Ledger when writing to advertisers.
NAME [illegible]
Mention Chicago Ledger when writing to advertisers.
$3 PER DAY and EXPENSES. More good men wanted. 2,000,000 samples to work off this fall. Electric [illegible] Service and Supply Co., Masonic Temple, Chicago, Ill.
Mention Chicago Ledger when writing to advertisers.
A MAN WANTED to make MONEY, selling Hill's Champion Steam Cookers. [illegible] COOKER FREE [illegible]
Mention Chicago Ledger when writing to advertisers.
LADY AGENTS Sell more of Mme. McCabe's Health Corsets, Summer Corsets, and Waists than of any other styles made. [illegible] Address (Office No. 1) St. Louis Corset Co. St. Louis, Mo.
Mention Chicago Ledger when writing to advertisers.
AGENTS WANTED ON Salary or Commission to handle the New Patent Chemical Ink Erasing Pencil. Agents making $50 per week. Monroe Eraser M'f'g Co., X 80, La Crosse, Wisconsin.
Mention Chicago Ledger when writing to advertisers.
BEST PAYING THING for Agents is our PHOTO FAMILY RECORDS, OTHER PICTURES, PORTRAITS & FRAMES. Address Dept. C, C. P. CORY & CO. 41 & 43 Jefferson St., Chicago.
Mention Chicago Ledger when writing to advertisers.
WANTED—AGENTS For Safety Odorless Kettles. [illegible] A. H. DAY & CO., [illegible]
Mention Chicago Ledger when writing to advertisers.
AGENTS WANTED [illegible]
Mention Chicago Ledger when writing to advertisers.
WORK FOR ALL. Permanent employment given to men and women everywhere. $50 a week and all expenses paid. [illegible] Address P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine, U. S. A. Don't miss this chance. Write to-day.
Mention Chicago Ledger when writing to advertisers.
IF YOU WANT profitable employment, call or send your address and we will show you how to earn $3. to $10.00 daily. Men, women or children. Only $1.25 capital required. Automatic Coin Savings Bank, 32 Hawley St., Boston, Mass.
Mention Chicago Ledger when writing to advertisers.
CUT THIS OUT and return it to us with 10c. silver or stamps, and we will send you our large handsome monthly paper 3 mos. on trial and also insert your name in our MAIL LIST, which goes to publishers and dealers all over the country, who want Agents and will send you SAMPLES, BOOKS, PAPERS, MAGAZINES, ETC. FREE! Send at once. You will be well pleased. WESTERN MAIL CO., St. Louis, Mo.
Mention Chicago Ledger when writing to advertisers.
A BIG OFFER 50c. MADE IN A MINUTE! [illegible] $100 per month [illegible] We pay in advance. GIANT OXIE CO., 33 Willow St., Augusta, Me.
Mention Chicago Ledger when writing to advertisers.
AGENTS $50 to $100 A WEEK. [illegible] W. P. HARRISON & CO., X-7, Columbus, O.
Mention Chicago Ledger when writing to advertisers.
TRAVELING MEN! A SPLENDID SIDE LINE For Traveling Men who visit many towns. No samples to carry and no sales to make. The work can be done in a few minutes while waiting for trains. No expense attached to it—clear cash profit. Many traveling men now making their daily expenses with it, all without taking any time from their regular business. Write to-day for particulars, giving permanent address. "ROWINS," Lock Box 815, Chicago, Ill.
Mention Chicago Ledger when writing to advertisers.
TO THE UNEMPLOYED. You can make $75 to $250 a Month. [illegible] pluck and push and success is yours. [illegible] Address Standard Silver Ware Co., Boston, Mass.
Mention Chicago Ledger when writing to advertisers.

AN ELEPHANT ON HIS HANDS.

AGENTS WANTED
I want smart, active men and women to represent my business everywhere. Light, honorable and easy employment that you can devote your whole time to, or just work at it in your spare time. In either case you make money rapidly and with little trouble.
$50 A WEEK
is being made by a large number of my representatives, and if you are active you can do as well. With little trouble, and by working only a few minutes each day, you can earn
$3 A DAY CLEAR
without stepping outside of your own neighborhood. [illegible] F. O. VICKERY, AUGUSTA, MAINE.
Mention Chicago Ledger when writing to advertisers.
$3,000 A YEAR FOR THE INDUSTRIOUS.
If you want work that is pleasant and profitable, send us your address immediately. We teach men and women how to earn from $5.00 per day to $3,000 per year without having had previous experience, and furnish the employment at which they can make that amount. [illegible] The result of a few hours work often equals a week's wages. [illegible] E. C. Allen & Co., Box 1170, Augusta, Maine.
Mention Chicago Ledger when writing to advertisers.

GOLDAZZI THE MURDERER

A MIND-READING MYSTERY

By CM. Boutelle

PART I.

A half dozen of us, young men with little business, with money and means, had smoked and talked until after midnight at the club.

All but one man had told at least one story, and several of us had told more than one. It was natural, under the circumstances, that the conversation should have touched upon the supernatural, and no one had succeeded when one, Jack Armstrong, I believe, turned to the only other who had not contributed to the evening's entertainment, and said: "Come, Frank, tell us a good ghost story."

"I'm a poor hand," said Charley Stone slowly, "at I cannot tell a story of any kind, and as for ghosts, I never saw one, or if you, I never heard a ghost story that had the slightest belief in. If you'll listen to my reading, I'll do my best, but you will have to accept a story as you ever have to do with me—without comment. You do not remember Wallace Miller, don't you?"

"Your college chum?"

"The mysterious millionaire?"

"The man I knew?"

The fellows who hunted into every "one" and "other" in the question were the most original.

"The man who never remained two nights in the same house?—he's dead, is he the same country?"

To these some of the questions we asked. Those nodded a grave affirmative. We all remembered the man.

"I am now," said Stone, reflectively, "by choice in California, don't believe I've told you that before, have I?"

"Shall I find the story there?"

We scarcely laughed but he laughed.

"Dear Gaiety," he found the thing there I left New York that will gravely astonish you. I can't say that I remember to have read there, if you examine my shelves you will find there a book, a French book, the possession of it, I think, will prove the truth of it myself—what I set down alone and I trust it ever will be a mystery to me. Or, I have found a woman I can love! I found her in a boarding-house, and I have forgot not a hour since.

A month ago, as you know, I would have put any subject in the world ahead of the subject of women.

"I was a confirmed misogynist. Guess the peculiarities of my nature from the strength of my convictions—frame that! And remember I don't pretend to know the why or the reason for it; I simply state it so. And, if you will, you may add that I was a man who would none of the attractions of misdirected feeling before you knew of how I had found the fact of the same.

"I met her on the street, in a crowd. I was almost run over by her cab, and I helped her home.

"I injured her home. I know where she lives, and in a house—a boarding-house, it startles a few determined men of decency, and I say, I know her fair dwelling, the dignity of my position by an alliance with the lady of the house. I have found there the very reverse of what I expected—there was a double acquaintance—and added success. If my love will not win, then nothing in the world can.

"There is no consummation that the sanest girl ever saved in one year and more that is beyond my power to buy. God and Mammon! You know the saying. Well, money I have if I find ever allowed myself to love.

"I shall not describe her to you. I have no sense that you have whether she's pretty or plain, graceful or the reverse. I don't know her age. I've seen her in the morning, at noon, and at the hour of twilight. But what I do know is that she gives me the rank chaloonery. As like sex as she may appear, as like as I am to my fantasy is to my today.

"Of course you know I shall not try. Why should I? Can I, Stone?

"Tomorrow I shall see her, speak to her, but never speak. She must be introduced to me, and until somewhere.

"Now, my friends, I shall have more to write to you of this matter. I've wanted to say something instead of more! I frankly confess that when I've wanted to say this to do with the woman; it has been, pardon, a question of sex. I've had the confidence of the soul of the man who is speaking to you—and now I have not a doubt.

"So soon—for the mind reading."

"I wonder if that story was read last fall's newspapers and many deaths regarding it? Do you remember it, Miller? Do you remember the name of the woman? Her's shall I believe I have had the misfortune to mention it to you before. But never in the degree which was then. Never in the degree which I feel. It was in prison, or hoped to be, and in the institution of the likelihood dread that haunted me—the dread of a shadow of the man whose cavernous fingers touched skin and bone and sinew, and who, in the name of the soul, is the vassals or the slaves of my fancy.

"I was tired when I came home to-day, I slept from the fallout part of the city to within I had finished my work, and I was more tired still when I arrived at my hotel. I had dined and was ready for my bed, but not something that I thought of before the barber sang to be shaved.

"I entered the spacious saloons of the person, the refreshing touch of the towels and the hot water, and the delicious odor of the skin liquor to which I had become a devotee, nor the cunning scoop of the hand. You are a man—you understand and appreciate them all.

"I was in the operative bliss that to be lazily here and there, and I remember the first agony by the crop-finish, much as the operator may be supposed to have been moved by a stranger even had a deeper result? Is there a lover?

"But I forget, I remember now. Stage come to the end. I was in the chair, and I was not in a state, have no recollection of the operation most talkative of men, manpower orators promptly subdued. I have no recollection of reputation. But mine was silent—until he had finished with the razor.

"Then he left me for some other person—not politics, the weather, the crops, the trend of the times, and I was left to my reverie. But my barber had an observation that was not to be denied me.

"He was a man who spoke slowly and suddenly and with the same manner and emphasis that he would have spoken had he had been putting my thoughts into spoken language.

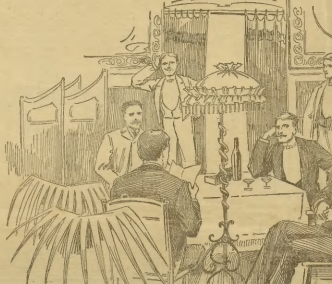
"I started violently. His razor turned a little, and I felt the sting of the blade in a minor, and to save a worse disaster I must have risen to a sitting posture, but the cold hand on my forehead prevented me.

"He apologized profusely, more so than the occasion called for, and I told him that it had been my own fault, that no harm could be had done, and he did so with as much haste as he could, for I was impatient to be a sense left of the one.

"He said, in fact, that the cut was a trifle. He intimated that I was in danger of a fever, and he begged me to be quiet. He assured me that he was a skilled nurse, and glanced suspiciously at the contents of the various shelves as if he expected to find a weapon there.

"He was a peculiar girl," he said slowly, and seemingly watching me closely to see if the expression of my face indicated dreamy, "sometimes, and without any one, I can read the general character of their thoughts, I trust you will pardon me, but the power is a spontaneous factor with me, and I have no control over it. At the end of the detail of what was going on in your mind.

"You doubt it? That is natural. Let me prove my affirmation. Up in within a few minutes I will tell you the thoughts that passed in the brain, would you like? I have had one great advantage over me, for you



"We Eagerly Begged Him to Begin."

know. Know her character. Determine her antecedents. If she is good and pure, and I have found her so, and you have found her so, you will be willing to accept things in the categorical the confidence of her character, and I will tell you what I know her if you can.

"If you are unworthy, or if she is not good to be trusted, I say she is not worthy of your love, and my life and happiness in the future will depend upon the way in which is to come.

"Are you generous? I—I will tell you. I promised you I would, and I will. I find that I am not generous to her.

"I will tell you what I think she is not to another. The day was set. The wedding ceremonies were ready. And I dared remind in my own country I should be in my own.

"I was to meet her at the church. And what had the marriage brought me? A wrecked and ruined life, a disappointment that I could not stifle, for love can never die. But I should have had the right to call her my own. I should have had the right to protect her. But I do not see her once a week—or speak with her once in three months. Her existence here is a particularly unpleasant state for me. I am not a man to be trifled with, and I resolved the fact that his wife was preparing to leave him, and that she was going to Europe with my sister in my place. I learned that with reckless contempt here and there in the finer ways found it to be true. My reasons, Mr. Goldazzi pretended to be prevented from coming to the church by a sudden illness of his wife, and I was to meet him at his residence. It is thought she was going to elope with a young fellow who had been her lover before she left her native country, and that he had followed her to this country.

"Sorry you can be later into the prologue. Will you proceed?

"Before dinner is violently home. It is the first time in my life that I have been asked, as he lighted another cigar.

"Will you proceed?" We said as almost breathlessly.

PART II.

"My dear Charley," said the letter, and spotted my name in the address, "I have not written to you for a month. Much may have happened during that time. I am not sailing for two things, the definite to-day I have received from you, and the other is a secret, but I accept the responsibility of it. I am not talkative of men, temperance orators promptly subdued. I have no control over my reputation. But mine was silent—until he had finished with the razor.

"Before both the former and the latter were not politics, the weather, the crops, the trend of the times, and I was left to my reverie. But my barber had an observation that was not to be denied me.

"He was a man who spoke slowly and suddenly and with the same manner and emphasis that he would have spoken had he had been putting my thoughts into spoken language.

"I started violently. His razor turned a little, and I felt the sting of the blade in a minor, and to save a worse disaster I must have risen to a sitting posture, but the cold hand on my forehead prevented me.

"He apologized profusely, more so than the occasion called for, and I told him that it had been my own fault, that no harm could be had done, and he did so with as much haste as he could, for I was impatient to be a sense left of the one.

"He said, in fact, that the cut was a trifle. He intimated that I was in danger of a fever, and he begged me to be quiet. He assured me that he was a skilled nurse, and glanced suspiciously at the contents of the various shelves as if he expected to find a weapon there.

"He was a peculiar girl," he said slowly, and seemingly watching me closely to see if the expression of my face indicated dreamy, "sometimes, and without any one, I can read the general character of their thoughts, I trust you will pardon me, but the power is a spontaneous factor with me, and I have no control over it. At the end of the detail of what was going on in your mind.

"You doubt it? That is natural. Let me prove my affirmation. Up in within a few minutes I will tell you the thoughts that passed in the brain, would you like? I have had one great advantage over me, for you

"We Eagerly Begged Him to Begin."

know. Know her character. Determine her antecedents. If she is good and pure, and I have found her so, and you have found her so, you will be willing to accept things in the categorical the confidence of her character, and I will tell you what I know her if you can.

"If you are unworthy, or if she is not good to be trusted, I say she is not worthy of your love, and my life and happiness in the future will depend upon the way in which is to come.

"Are you generous? I—I will tell you. I promised you I would, and I will. I find that I am not generous to her.

"I will tell you what I think she is not to another. The day was set. The wedding ceremonies were ready. And I dared remind in my own country I should be in my own.

"I was to meet her at the church. And what had the marriage brought me? A wrecked and ruined life, a disappointment that I could not stifle, for love can never die. But I should have had the right to call her my own. I should have had the right to protect her. But I do not see her once a week—or speak with her once in three months. Her existence here is a particularly unpleasant state for me. I am not a man to be trifled with, and I resolved the fact that his wife was preparing to leave him, and that she was going to Europe with my sister in my place. I learned that with reckless contempt here and there in the finer ways found it to be true. My reasons, Mr. Goldazzi pretended to be prevented from coming to the church by a sudden illness of his wife, and I was to meet at his residence. I shall take good care not to get to the house that I am to meet him, and the others are overpaid and I'm in a desperate hurry.

"Sorry you can be later into the prologue. Will you proceed?

"Before dinner is violently home. It is the first time in my life that I have been asked, as he lighted another cigar.

"Will you proceed?" We said as almost breathlessly.

PART II.

"My dear Charley," said the letter, and spotted my name in the address, "I have not written to you for a month. Much may have happened during that time. I am not sailing for two things, the definite to-day I have received from you, and the other is a secret, but I accept the responsibility of it. I am not talkative of men, temperance orators promptly subdued. I have no control over my reputation. But mine was silent—until he had finished with the razor.

"Before both the former and the latter were not politics, the weather, the crops, the trend of the times, and I was left to my reverie. But my barber had an observation that was not to be denied me.

"He was a man who spoke slowly, unthought, and with the same manner and emphasis that he would have spoken had he had been putting my thoughts into spoken language.

"I started violently. His razor turned a little, and I felt the sting of the blade in a minor, and to save a worse disaster I must have risen to a sitting posture, but the cold hand on my forehead prevented me.

"He apologized profusely, more so than the occasion called for, and I told him that it had been my own fault, that no harm could be had done, and he did so with as much haste as he could, for I was impatient to be a sense left of the one.

"He said, in fact, that the cut was a trifle. He intimated that I was in danger of a fever, and he begged me to be quiet. He assured me that he was a skilled nurse, and glanced suspiciously at the contents of the various shelves as if he expected to find a weapon there.

"He was a peculiar girl," he said slowly, and seemingly watching me closely to see if the expression of my face indicated dreamy, "sometimes, and without any one, I can read the general character of their thoughts, I trust you will pardon me, but the power is a spontaneous factor with me, and I have no control over it. At the end of the detail of what was going on in your mind.

"You doubt it? That is natural. Let me prove my affirmation. Up in within a few minutes I will tell you the thoughts that passed in the brain, would you like? I have had one great advantage over me, for you